Gent Poe

HARPER'S WEEKLY
A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

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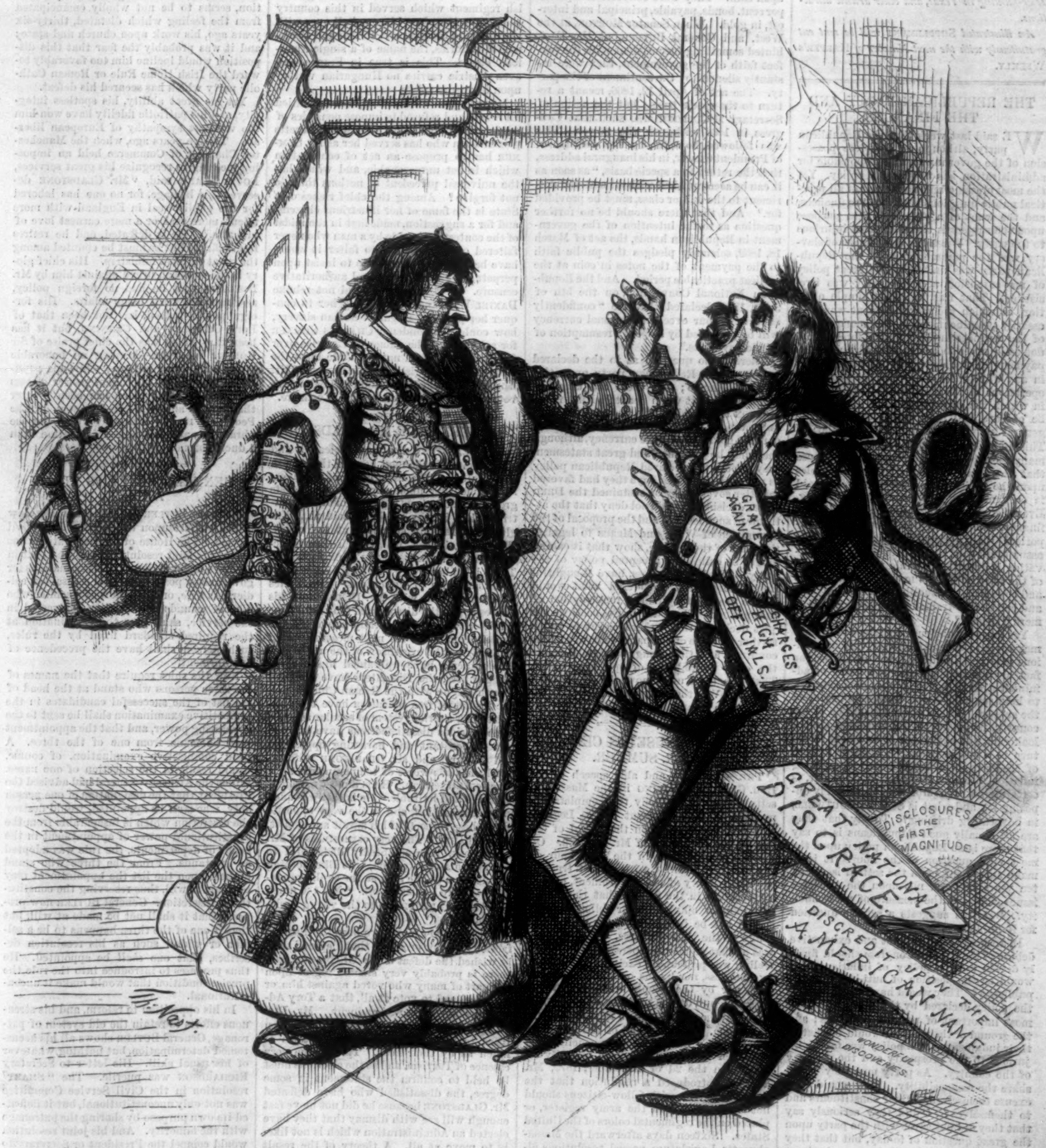
GRAVE CHARGES AGAINST HIGH OFFICIALS.
GREAT NATIONAL DISGRACE.
DISCLOSURES OF THE FIRST MAGNITUDE
DISCREDIT UPON THE AMERICAN NAME.
WONDERFUL DISCOVERIES.
Th. Nast

THE NEW YORK TRIBUNE'S "DISCLOSURES."

Othello (*Uncle Sam*). "Villain, be sure of it; give me the ocular proof;
Or, by the worth of mine eternal soul,
Thou hadst been better have been born a dog,
Than answer my wak'd wrath."
Iago ("*Professor" of Scandal*). "Is it come to this?"
Othello. "Make me to see it; or (at the least) so prove it,
That the probation bear no hinge, nor loop,
To hang a doubt on: or, woe upon thy life!
If thou dost slander her, and torture me,
Never pray more: abandon all remorse;
On horror's head horrors accumulate:
Do deeds to make heaven weep, all earth amaz'd,
For nothing canst thou to damnation add,
Greater than that."—Shakspeare.

HARPER'S MAGAZINE, WEEKLY, AND BAZAR.

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.
SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 28, 1874.

☞ *With this Number of* HARPER'S WEEKLY *is sent out gratuitously an*

ILLUSTRATED SUPPLEMENT,

containing a splendid double-page engraving of Deer-hunting in Texas, and other artistic attractions.

An illustrated SUPPLEMENT *will be sent out gratuitously with the next Number of* HARPER'S WEEKLY.

THE REPUBLICAN PARTY AND THE FINANCES.

WE said last week that the Republican party, although in complete possession of the government, and responsible for administration, has no financial policy. Yet the most pressing and important of all practical public questions is that of the finances, and the want of a clear and firm purpose upon the subject is therefore most injurious to the party. When the destruction of slavery was the paramount issue the Republican party was united in the great policy of non-extension, and the party was irresistible. That was, indeed, a simple question, in which the moral element was necessarily prominent, while the management of the finances, including the foreign and domestic revenue laws, the currency, the payment of the debt, and all that relates in any way to the credit and the pecuniary operations of the government, are subjects in which the moral element is often felt to be obscure, and upon which there is little general knowledge and endless speculation. This, indeed, is so deeply felt that there are many most intelligent persons who suppose that there are and can be no principles upon the subject, and that whatever is said is only more or less intelligent guessing. Even Senators flout "book-learning" upon finance, and wish to test "theory" by "experience," not seeing the absurdity of their assumption that their little personal observation is experience, while the observation of the most sagacious men of various times and countries, profoundly studied, analyzed, and collated by trained and master minds, is mere "theory."

Yet however abstruse doctrines of finance may seem to be, and however various opinions may be as to details and measures, the fact always remains that the party of administration is bound, for its own interest, to hold some clear and definite policy upon the subject. In the present situation of the country, for instance, all measures should look either to expansion or to a definite return to a specie basis. If Senator FERRY, of Michigan, is a Republican in proposing inflation, Senator MORRILL, of Vermont, is certainly not a Republican in resolutely opposing it; and what is Senator BOUTWELL, in advocating drifting? To say that they are all equally good Republicans is to say that there is no Republican policy upon the most vital question of the hour. It is to make agreement upon the settled issues of ten years ago, and not upon the unsettled issues of to-day, the measure of party fidelity. But this suggests a serious question for Republicans.

If, after the most earnest and exhaustive debate of the session, Congress should finally decide upon a policy of inflation, what would be the position of anti-inflation Republicans? They would have voted against the policy declared by the party upon the most important of present questions; and the ground of their voting would be that in their judgment such a policy was fatally injurious to the prosperity and the morality of the country. As party men they would share the responsibility. How would they excuse themselves to their constituents and to themselves? Could they seriously say that they did not agree with the party upon the great question of to-day, but that they were fully in accord with it upon the issue of the extension of slavery into the Territories? It is true that when another election came they might say that as the alternative was still the Republican or the Democratic party, they preferred the former. But that would be a frank confession that they supported the Republican party not because they approved its principles and policy, but as a choice of evils. That, however, is not the way in which parties are maintained, or party success achieved.

But if the debates in Congress show that the Republican party has now no financial policy, we remind our friends there that it has had a financial policy, definite and decided, upon which it appealed for the support of the country, and which is the only sound and honorable policy that can be adopted. When paper money was made a legal tender it was with the universal and distinct understanding that it was a dire necessity of pressing war, an indispensable temporary expedient for the national safety. There was not a patriotic and thoughtful man in the country who did not feel that the very first duty of a fortunate issue of the war would be the promptest possible return to a specie basis. And the act of February 25, 1862, which made the greenbacks a legal tender except for duties on imports and interest, was based, as Senator SHERMAN says, upon coin. They were convertible into six per cent. bonds, payable, principal and interest, in gold. When Senator MORTON, at the West, and General BUTLER, at the East, hinted something inconsistent with the perfect faith of the government, they were instantly silenced by the sentiment of the party. The act of April 12, 1866, meant a return to the specie basis; but the action of Secretary M'CULLOCH was such that Congress in 1868 withdrew the power. This was followed, however, by the declaration of President GRANT, in his inaugural address, that the return to a specie basis, "as soon as it can be accomplished without material detriment to the debtor class, must be provided for." And that there should be no further question as to the intention of the government in Republican hands, the act of March 18, 1869, solemnly pledges the public faith to the payment of the notes in coin at the earliest practicable period. And the Republican National Convention, on the 5th of June, 1872, declared that we "confidently expect that our excellent national currency will be perfected by a speedy resumption of specie payments."

There is no question as to the declared policy of the Republican party upon this subject hitherto; and there can therefore be no doubt that when Senators FERRY and MORTON and Mr. KELLEY and General BUTLER propose expansion, and some of them deride a gold basis for the currency, although they may be wise men and great statesmen, they oppose the declared Republican policy as much as if in other days they had favored squatter sovereignty or sustained the DRED SCOTT decision. We do not deny that the attitude of such leaders, and the proposal of the Committee of Ways and Means to legalize the issue of the reserve, show that it can no longer be called the accepted policy of the party. But has Congress, have thoughtful Republicans, fully considered what would be the result of a definite renunciation of that policy? The party in Connecticut has just declared that "there ought to be no further increase of the paper currency of the country," and that Congress should secure the early resumption of specie payment. That has been until now the Republican position. Will the desertion of it perpetuate Republican ascendency?

THE MASSACHUSETTS CENSURE OF MR. SUMNER.

THE exhaustive and able speech of the Hon. GEORGE B. LORING in the Massachusetts Senate is probably the complete expression of the sentiment of the Legislature and the State upon the repeal of the resolutions of censure of Mr. SUMNER. On the 8th of May, 1862, in the dark hour of the war, Mr. SUMNER, with perfect trust in the final victory of the government, offered a resolution in the Senate that the names of victories obtained over fellow-citizens should not be inscribed on the regimental colors of the United States. The struggle was at that moment desperate. The public feeling was profoundly excited; but neither by Congress, nor by his own State Legislature, nor by the people, was Mr. SUMNER censured, but, on the contrary, a few months afterward he was elected to the Senate for a third term. With the end of the war came the wish for harmony and reconciliation; and after the Union had been formally restored, on the 2d of December, 1872, Mr. SUMNER introduced a resolution that the names of battles with fellow-citizens should not be continued in the army register, or placed on the regimental colors of the United States. Sixteen days afterward the Massachusetts Legislature passed resolutions alluding to the action of a Senator of Massachusetts as meeting the unqualified condemnation of the people of the State.

A flood of petitions for rescinding the resolutions showed, however, that all the people did not agree; and as the Legislature of 1872 has recorded its opinion, there is no reason that that of 1874 should not do the same thing. And it was upon the proposition to rescind that Mr. LORING spoke, relating all the circumstances, citing the historic precedents, and stating the grounds of Mr. SUMNER's action. His resolution affects only the register and the colors of the regular army, and has no reference whatever to volunteer or State regiments, whose tattered colors hang in honorable remembrance and repose in every capital of the loyal States. Mr. SUMNER certainly does not insult "the loyal soldiery" in asking that the thirty regular regiments that served in the war, and which are henceforth to be filled and officered from every part of the country, shall not bear upon their registers or their colors names of battles which can merely serve to render those regiments less efficient. He would have the regiments reminded only of a common glory. This has been always the practice of other nations; and is it not founded in the most generous instinct and the purest patriotism? Our Revolution was really a civil war, and not an existing British regiment which served in this country bears upon its colors, blazoned all over with the names of Spanish and Indian and Continental victories, the name of a single American battle. This is true in France, and even Austria carries no Hungarian victory upon her army colors.

Moreover, since the country has amnestied all rebels, and refused to impose penalties of confiscation or death, may not Massachusetts permit a son who has served her as Mr. SUMNER has to propose an act of conciliation which is not unreasonable, and which has the universal precedent of nations that do not forgive? Among the chief riches of a State is the fame of her illustrious citizens, and for a suggestion, made first in the midst of the contest, and made by a man who never faltered or was thought to falter, it would have been folly for the State to insist upon perpetuating this solemn and authoritative censure. If Massachusetts did not rebuke DANIEL WEBSTER for advising her to conquer her prejudices against human slavery, how could she condemn CHARLES SUMNER for asking that the names of victories over fellow-citizens shall not be borne upon the army flags and register? The speech of Mr. LORING was conclusive, and the Legislature voted to rescind the resolutions of censure.

THE DEFEAT OF MR. GLADSTONE.

MR. GLADSTONE has been defeated, and Mr. DISRAELI is the next head of the British Government. The experience of strangers in commenting upon our politics suggests great caution in treating those of other countries. But it may safely be said that England is probably surprised at the result. There has, indeed, been much dissatisfaction with Mr. GLADSTONE's administration. There have been very sharp criticisms of it, and loud cries of discontent. The Tories have exclaimed, with Mr. DISRAELI in his address upon the dissolution, that the Prime Minister had not *yet* totally subverted the constitution, as if his next measure would probably be the overthrow of the monarchy. The radicals have upbraided him for his sluggishness, the Dissenters have declared him in league with the Roman Church, and the friends of free education have been impatient for a strict system of secular schools. These various dissatisfactions have exposed him to constant and harassing opposition and censure, and Mr. GLADSTONE unfortunately has the worst of temperaments for a practical statesman. He is almost morbidly sensitive and irritable. He is easily goaded into exasperation, and is the very opposite in all these respects of his adroit antagonist, Mr. DISRAELI. The very earnestness of Mr. GLADSTONE is undoubtedly distasteful to many of his countrymen, who like nothing so much in a public man as the smiling equipoise of Lord PALMERSTON. "Not too much zeal," said TALLEYRAND to the young diplomatist.

But whatever may have been the dissatisfaction, it is not probable that England really wished the defeat of Mr. GLADSTONE, and there is probably very sincere regret upon the part of many who voted against him, or who declined to vote at all, that a Tory Administration is now imminent. Mr. DISRAELI, in his address, said that Englishmen liked to be governed by their customs as much as by their laws. That is the very essence of Toryism, and as the elections must be held to confirm the statement in some degree, the dissatisfied who have defeated Mr. GLADSTONE because he did not move fast enough will see with dismay that they have elected an Administration which is not likely to move at all. A theory of the result that seems to be very popular in England is that the country is tired, and would rest. Should the new Administration so interpret it, and attempt to repose upon the old customs, the hatred of which had kept the Liberal party in power almost uninterruptedly for forty years, it would merely secure the exclusion of its party for another similar term.

It remains, therefore, to be seen whether Mr. DISRAELI has really won. He must, of course, immediately succeed Mr. GLADSTONE. But the Tory majority will not be large, and a nearly balanced House shows that the country is neither strongly Tory nor Liberal. Such a result would suggest a coalition ministry. But Mr. DISRAELI can hardly be the head of a coalition. It is not impossible, under the circumstances, that he may find himself too weak in Parliament to carry on the government, and be forced either to dissolve or to recommend the Queen to call Earl DERBY to undertake a coalition Administration. A dissolution of the new Parliament might very probably result in the success of the Liberals and the restoration of Mr. GLADSTONE. There is certainly no man in England who seems to foreign and interested observers so admirable a representative of the average progressive conviction and purpose of the country. His chief fault is want of independence of ecclesiasticism. His mind, with all its sagacity and penetration, seems to be not wholly emancipated from the feeling which dictated, thirty-six years ago, his work upon church and state; and it was probably the fear that this disposition would incline him too favorably toward the Irish Home Rule or Roman Catholic party which has secured his defeat.

Yet his great ability, his spotless integrity, and his patriotic fidelity have won him the warmest sympathy of European liberals. Twelve years ago, when the Manchester Chamber of Commerce held an imposing meeting to recognize his great services, LOUIS BLANC said, "Mr. GLADSTONE deserves this homage, for no one has labored for the public weal in England with more talent, more zeal, or a more earnest love of progress." He is defeated, and he retires from office. But he must be counted among the great English ministers. His chief glory is the reproach urged against him by Mr. DISRAELI, that he had no foreign policy, and meddled with home affairs. His foreign policy, indeed, has not been that of Lord CHATHAM and CANNING, but it has been that which was the chief praise of Sir ROBERT WALPOLE—keeping an honorable peace with other nations; while his popularity among the intelligent poorer classes of Englishmen at home has been greater than that of any of his predecessors. "The People's WILLIAM" was a by-word: but the phrase fits, and is a nobler decoration than a ducal coronet.

GENERAL BUTLER'S FLANK ATTACK.

GENERAL BUTLER has struck another blow in his warfare upon the reform of the civil service. The House of Representatives has passed his joint resolution providing that in all cases under civil service examinations for government positions, when a disabled soldier, his wife, or the widow of a soldier who died of wounds or disability contracted in the service, shall pass the examination at the required standard fixed by the rules, such person shall have the precedence of appointment.

Now the rules require that the names of the three persons who stand at the head of the list of the successful candidates in the competitive examination shall be sent to the appointing power, and that the appointment shall be made from one of the three. A rigid competitive examination, of course, would result in the selection of one name. But as the Attorney-General had advised the President that the designation of one person only, who *must* be appointed, would destroy the discretion which is inseparable from the constitutional power of appointment in the heads of departments, the rule was adopted as it stands. From the three who stand highest upon the list the appointment may be made at will, thus reserving the constitutional discretion. General BUTLER now proposes that it shall not be made at will, but that if one of the three happens to be a soldier or widow such as his resolution describes, that one *shall* be appointed. He thus proposes to introduce into the rule the precise condition that would make it unconstitutional.

In his opposition to reform, and his strenuous efforts to retain the old system of patronage, General BUTLER shows all his accustomed determination, but nothing whatever of his usual skill. His letter to Secretary RICHARDSON was puerile. The "SMART" resolution in the Civil Service Committee was not only unconstitutional, but it defeated its own purpose by sharing the patronage with the minority. And his joint resolution would compel the President or Secretary to appoint a particular person in defiance both of the Constitution and of the law of March 3, 1871, under which the President adopted the rules. An observer would wonder why the general does not move to repeal that law, or to stop the appropriation. Yet even if he should do the former, and if Congress should sustain him, the President could still maintain the rules. For he gets his authority to make them not from the law of 1871, but from the Constitution. The law is mainly valuable as a surrender of the power which members of Congress had usurped. As Mr. Dawes said on the night when it was passed, it gives the President no power that he does not already possess. If, however, the appropriation were denied, it would be very difficult even for a President who was most sincerely resolved to observe the rules to carry them out. And were he by such action forced to abandon them, he and the country could justly hold Congress responsible for the failure.

The President, however, in his Message at the opening of this Congress, seems to have invited attacks upon his own scheme. When he suggested the appointment of a committee of Congress to confer with the Civil Service Commission "for the purpose of devising such rules as can be maintained," he plainly declared by necessary implication that his present rules can not be maintained; and in saying that "to have any rules effective they must have the acquiescence of Congress as well as the Executive," he seems to us to have retreated from his position in the Message of December 19, 1871, transmitting the rules to Congress, in which, while naturally expressing a hope for the support of Congress, he said, "If left to me, without further Congressional action, the rules prescribed......will be faithfully executed." In his recent Message he submits the whole movement, so far as he is concerned, to the mercy of Congress, and should Congress refuse the appropriation, or pass General Butler's resolution, which is hostile both to the spirit and purpose of the rules, which contemplate only proved fitness, and therefore leave the natural prepossession in favor of a disabled soldier to have what influence it may upon the appointing power, the President would be obliged, by his own admission, formally to abandon his present scheme for correcting the abuses of the civil service.

PRUSSIA AND THE VATICAN.

The contest between Prussia and the Vatican is very interesting and most significant. It is very easy to represent it as persecution and intolerance, and to appeal to the world to sympathize with the new martyrs of the Roman Church. Dr. Manning in London does not fail to echo the wail of the Pope over the woes of the true faith, and we observe that some journals in this country suppose that Bismarck is making a profound mistake. The point of the controversy is the law which requires that the bishops of the Roman Church in Prussia must be approved by the government before they can enter upon their functions; that priests must be educated in the state universities before they are admitted to the seminaries of the bishops, and that those seminaries must be under state control; and that there shall be a supreme state tribunal for final appeal in ecclesiastical matters. Dr. Manning represents this as amazing and intolerable persecution.

Now if Dr. Manning were a friend of religious liberty, if the Church of which he is one of the most docile servants were not the deadly foe of freedom of conscience, if its history were not hideous with the unspeakable oppression of those who differ from it, the plea from his lips would be more plausible than it is. But Nero protesting against cruelty, or Sardanapalus against extravagance, or Torquemada against intolerance, is not a very edifying spectacle. Yet although Dr. Manning and the Roman clergy can not consistently demand religious liberty, and while it is not to them that modern intelligence turns for sound doctrines of government, the question still remains whether the policy of Prussia is humane and wise, or whether it be really persecution. The reason of the Falck laws, so called from the minister who introduced them, is evident and familiar. It is a reason with which we are not unacquainted in this country. It is that the Roman hierarchy is not merely an ecclesiastical but a political body. During the French war the Roman hierarchy in Prussia was disaffected. It was notoriously in sympathy with the enemies of the country, and it opposed by every practicable means the union of the empire. Now this hierarchy in Prussia is not a voluntary establishment: it is established and in great part supported by the state. But it owes allegiance to a foreign power and a foreign interest. Therefore for its own safety—the first law of states—the Prussian government must exercise supervision over it, and must prevent that alien allegiance from becoming injurious to the state.

"I acknowledge it as my duty," says Prince Bismarck, "to respect the dogmas of the Catholic Church as dogmas, and I have never interfered with any body for believing in them. But if the infallibility dogma is so interpreted as to lead to the establishment of an ecclesiastical *imperium in imperio*, if it occasions the setting aside of the laws of this country because unapproved by the Vatican, I am naturally driven to assert the legitimate supremacy of the state. We Protestants are under the conviction that this kingdom of Prussia ought not to be ruled by the Pope, and we demand that you, the ultramontane section of the Roman Catholics, respect our convictions as we do yours. Unfortunately, however, you are accustomed to complain of oppression when not permitted to lord it over others." A state which establishes and supports a church may clearly impose conditions upon it. This is what Prussia has done. She has restricted the perfect liberty of an endowed church in order to make it compatible with the supremacy of the state, and she requires obedience to those restrictions. If they are violated, the breaker of the law is punished. Archbishop Ledochowski breaks the law, and he is sent to prison.

Of course to an American the obvious policy of Bismarck is the disestablishment of the Roman Church. If it were made a purely voluntary association in Prussia, as it is here, it could be opposed, as it is here, not as a church, but as a political party. Of course it would follow the same tactics there as here, and insist, when it was opposed as a political party, that it was persecuted as a church. But that adroit although not very dignified trick would be no more useful in Prussia than it is in America. The difficulty, however, is that Prussia recognizes the union of church and state, and that the Archbishop Ledochowski and the rest of the hierarchy have no intention whatever of surrendering their subventions. So long as they hold this position the argument is clearly against them. So long as the state supports the hierarchy it may properly take care that the hierarchy shall not weaken the political fidelity of the citizens. The details of its measures, however, should be such as not to alienate the sympathy of the friends of religious liberty, or they will defeat the object, and strengthen rather than weaken the power of the foreign hierarchy.

ENGLISH WATER-COLOR PICTURES.

The admirable exhibition of water-color pictures at the rooms of the National Academy has been the occasion of many expressions of disappointment that there has been no representation of the English artists like that of last year. The explanation, however, is very simple. In 1872 Congress passed an act in which was the following clause, "All paintings, statuary, and photographic pictures imported into the United States for exhibition by any association duly authorized under the laws of the United States or any State, for the promotion and encouragement of science, art, or industry, and not intended for sale, shall be admitted free of duty, under such rules and regulations as the Secretary of the Treasury shall prescribe." Some of the English artists applied to the National Academy through an agent, and the Academy courteously consented to receive pictures for exhibition. About two hundred were sent out, including specimens of the best English masters in this kind. The pictures were exhibited duty free, and sales being made to the amount of nearly five thousand dollars, the works were removed upon payment of the duties, and those which remained unsold were returned to England. The Academy rooms were thus virtually a bonded warehouse during the exhibition. The success of the enterprise was such that arrangements had been made for a very much larger exhibition this year. Indeed, many of the pictures had been already collected in London, when a communication was received by the agents stating that the Treasury Department in Washington had withdrawn the privilege accorded last year, and that no pictures would be allowed to be sold without previous payment of duty. The pictures have consequently been returned to the artists, and there will be no English exhibition in New York.

The action of the Treasury is ascribed to the representations of certain art dealers in New York who are opposed to the introduction of foreign pictures. But that is evidently not a fair statement of the case. It is the business of art dealers to sell foreign pictures as well as others; but they naturally do not wish to see other dealers unfairly favored by the law or by its interpretation. It is evident that the agents who had charge of the foreign pictures at the Academy were really dealers who sold their goods in bond. And if one dealer might do that, why not all? Mr. Avery, Mr. Schauss, Mr. Goupil, and others exhibit pictures for sale. Why should not their galleries be bonded warehouses as well as the gallery of the Academy? It is evident also that the action of last year was illegal. The clause of the law under which the pictures were imported, and which we have already quoted, provides in terms for pictures "not intended for sale." The Academy rooms under this law could not be a bonded warehouse, they could only be a gallery for exhibition. There was no necessity for the Treasury to revise its decision upon the subject in order to exclude the pictures of this year; it was only necessary to enforce the indisputable provision of the law. Pictures intended for sale, as the English water-colors confessedly are, can not be brought in under the clause quoted without payment of duty.

But while these are the facts, and while there can be no fair complaint of the art dealers for demanding that existing laws shall not be disregarded to their injury, the facts illustrate the folly of those laws. The absurdity of the Chinese exclusion wrought by a high tariff could not be more strikingly illustrated than by the prohibition to this country of the refining and civilizing influences of works of art. Mr. Avery has written a letter to the *Tribune*, in which he takes this ground, and he states that the Academy ought not to be surprised by the refusal to admit the English water-colors, as "nearly every member of the Academy had repeatedly petitioned Congress to advance such duties upon works of art as would amount to a prohibition." We recall such petitions, and we remonstrated at the time. We reminded the artists that nothing would so stimulate an intelligent demand for works of art as the knowledge that could be acquired only by familiarity with the best. The action of the Academy last year in receiving the English pictures showed a much higher intelligence than the petition of artists for high duties upon foreign works of art. But the result this year is the logical consequence of the feeling that prompts such petitions.

ALASKA AS A PENAL COLONY.

In an article in *Harper's Monthly* for June, 1873, Mr. Charles Nordhoff, in asking, "What shall we do with Scroggs?" proposed to do something with Alaska. He says that "in Alaska we have an immense Territory, in almost every respect well suited to be the scene of a penal colony." The suggestion seemed to meet with no response, until recently a resolution has been introduced in the Legislature of California recommending this disposition of the new Territory, and it is probable that the project will be presented in Congress. The question is entirely new, and the results of the experience of other countries are not generally known here. But Mr. Nordhoff's argument in favor of his suggestion is strong and clear, and deserves the careful consideration of legislators.

A PRACTICABLE SYSTEM OF POOR RELIEF.

The tenth annual report of the secretary of the Board of State Charities in Massachusetts, Mr. Edward L. Pierce, is not only most valuable for its clear statement of the condition of all the charitable and penal institutions in the State, but it is peculiarly interesting, at a time when public attention is every where so constantly directed to methods of charitable relief, for its admirable account of the best European plans and houses of charity and correction, the result of Mr. Pierce's personal inspection. One point in the report in particular is worthy the careful consideration of the relief societies in every town and village in the country, and that is the account of the Elberfeld system of poor relief, which has been established for some years in the Rhenish town of that name near Düsseldorf. It was the suggestion of a banker, Daniel von der Heydt, who is still living. Like all excellent practical systems of the kind, it is very simple. Its characteristic idea is minute and constant supervision of those who are relieved, maintained by the unpaid care of the more prosperous citizens. And this is effected by restricting each visitor to the care of not more than four families, or even two, so that the inspection may be thorough and not too burdensome. Here is voluntary, gratuitous, and personal service, and the visitor, without trouble or sacrifice of much time, can readily ascertain all that is necessary for wise relief.

The adoption of such a system would lighten incalculably the labor of active charity in every community, while it would have the moral advantage of bringing the needy and suffering within the range of the personal knowledge and sympathy of the more fortunate. The charitable work of the best-disposed neighborhoods often seems in prospect so enormous, and so sure to cost a great deal of time and trouble, that it is shirked and slurred. But a little thought and organization upon the Elberfeld plan would make the same work most easy and effective. The system has been tried in other German towns. The city of Bremen is about adopting it; and Mr. Pierce tells us that the same personal supervision was the secret of the success of Dr. Chalmers's poor relief in his parish in Glasgow. The Elberfeld system has been partially adopted in London. In any suburban community in this country it would require, of course, the co-operation of many comfortable families, but each of them would be responsible only for three or four of the needy neighboring families. Such a method would be infinitely better than the present district system, which is both unequal and unwieldy; and we trust that all who may chance to see this article, and who are actively interested in the subject in their communities, will see the wisdom of taking a little trouble to save a great deal.

THE CITY WATCH-TOWER.

The watch-tower is an institution that has come down to us from the days of our grandfathers in Gotham. One of the men displaced by the recent change in the custodians of these observatories had been a bell-ringer, and had twirled around in his chair in the lonely belfry daily and nightly, for forty years. In that little look-out bright eyes are dancing about in every direction, and anxiously analyzing every burst of light that flashes forth in the city.

Now the watch-tower is of iron, and has some architectural pretensions, while it is "steadier on its pins" than those of other years. There are nine of them in the various quarters of the city, from Grand Street south to Mount Morris north. The most insignificant one is the one oftenest noticed, the temporary structure in Sixth Avenue near Jefferson Market. The highest and finest tower in the city is that near the corner of Spring and Varick streets, which we have represented on page 196. It is 125 feet in height, and commands a view from the Battery to Thirty-fifth Street. Its bell weighs 10,000 pounds, and the lever and tongue weigh 125 pounds.

The tower is supplied with telegraphic wires communicating with all the other observatories and engine-houses of the city, by means of which signals of warning and danger can be instantaneously made to the most distant quarter. Speaking tubes afford every facility for conversation between the watcher on the tower and the watcher in the engine-house below, and the only appliances that would seem familiar to the bell-ringer of a quarter of a century ago are the long cased telescope and the night-glass. This tower is in charge of a detail of three men, Thomas W. Relyea, Lindsay Williamson, and Thomas J. Cortisus, of Engine Company No. 30.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

Congress has thus far done a great deal of talking, but accomplished very little else. Nearly two thousand bills have been introduced into the House alone, of which only seventy-five have passed, and only twenty have become laws.—Mr. Dawes, of Massachusetts, proposed a bill reducing postage on letters from three to two cents per half ounce. It was referred to the Post-office Committee. On the 10th inst. a bill was passed by the House permitting the sender of any book, magazine, newspaper, or other matter of the kind, to write his or her name and address upon it, and the number and kind of articles inclosed, and also a form of presentation in books.—Mr. Hagar, the new Senator from California, took his seat on the 9th inst., and Senators Harvey, of Kansas, and Pease, of Mississippi, theirs on the 12th inst.—A resolution passed the House on the 9th inst., on motion of Mr. Smith, of Ohio, declaring it to be within the constitutional power of Congress by law so to regulate commerce among the States as to protect that portion of internal commerce which is among the several States from all unjust or oppressive tolls, taxes, obstructions, or other burdens, whether imposed by railroad companies or by combinations thereof, or by other common carriers, and that the present condition and magnitude of the commerce among the States demand the prompt and wise exercise of those powers and duties.—Senator Boutwell, of Massachusetts, introduced a bill on the 9th inst., which was referred to the Finance Committee, providing, among other things, that banks shall neither pay to nor receive from each other any interest on deposits, under penalty of the forfeiture of four times the amount of such interest.—The Bankrupt law passed the Senate at last on the 10th inst., with these further amendments: that a settlement, in order to be valid, shall be signed by two-thirds of the number of creditors, representing one-half the value of the debts, and that the act shall take effect from December 1, 1873. The final vote was 43 to 11.—The President approved the bill for the Howard court of inquiry on the 13th inst.

In the New York State Legislature, on the 10th inst., Senator Lowery introduced a bill for the equal distribution of taxation, it having been stated by the Comptroller in his annual report that not more than one-third in value of the property liable to taxation is placed upon the assessment rolls.—The Assembly Committee on Manufactures, on the 11th inst., agreed to report favorably on Mr. Wagstaff's bill for the protection of factory children.—Bills were introduced into both Houses, on the 11th inst., that the holder of a life-insurance policy may claim on any anniversary of its issue a surrender value, with interest at four per cent. per annum.

The Ring civil suits have at length reached the Court of Appeals. Arguments were heard at Albany on the 11th inst. in the case of the People *v.* Ingersoll, implicated with Tweed, Woodward, and Garvey. Messrs. O'Conor, Tilden, and Peckham appeared for the people, and Messrs. Fullerton and Root for the defendant. Decision was reserved.

The Connecticut State Republican Convention met at Hartford on the 11th inst., Hon. Henry P. Haven, of New London, presiding. The leading officers nominated were Hon. Henry B. Harrison, of New Haven, for Governor (by acclamation), and Hon. John T. Waite, of Norwich, for Lieutenant-Governor.

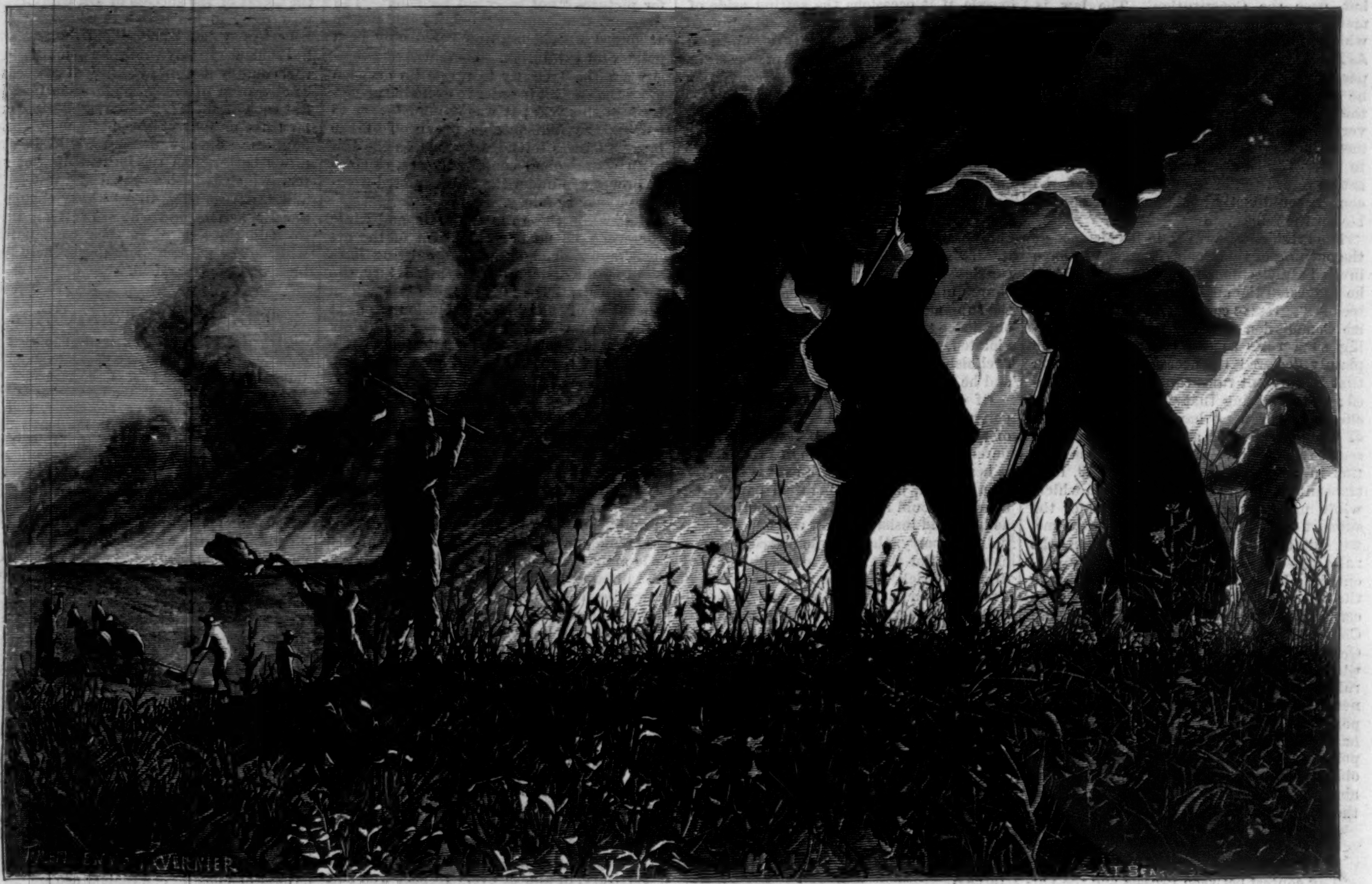
FOREIGN NEWS.

We are to have another Atlantic cable, that promises to transmit messages at a shilling a word. The line will run from Great Britain to Halifax, by way of the Azores Islands.

Up to the 14th inst. 346 Conservatives and 297 Liberals and Home Rulers had been elected to the new British Parliament.

The Emperor Francis Joseph of Austria left Vienna on the 11th inst. for St. Petersburg on a visit to the Czar.

Taylor's Pantechnicon and furniture repository, in Belgravia, was burned on the 13th inst., involving a loss of $15,000,000.

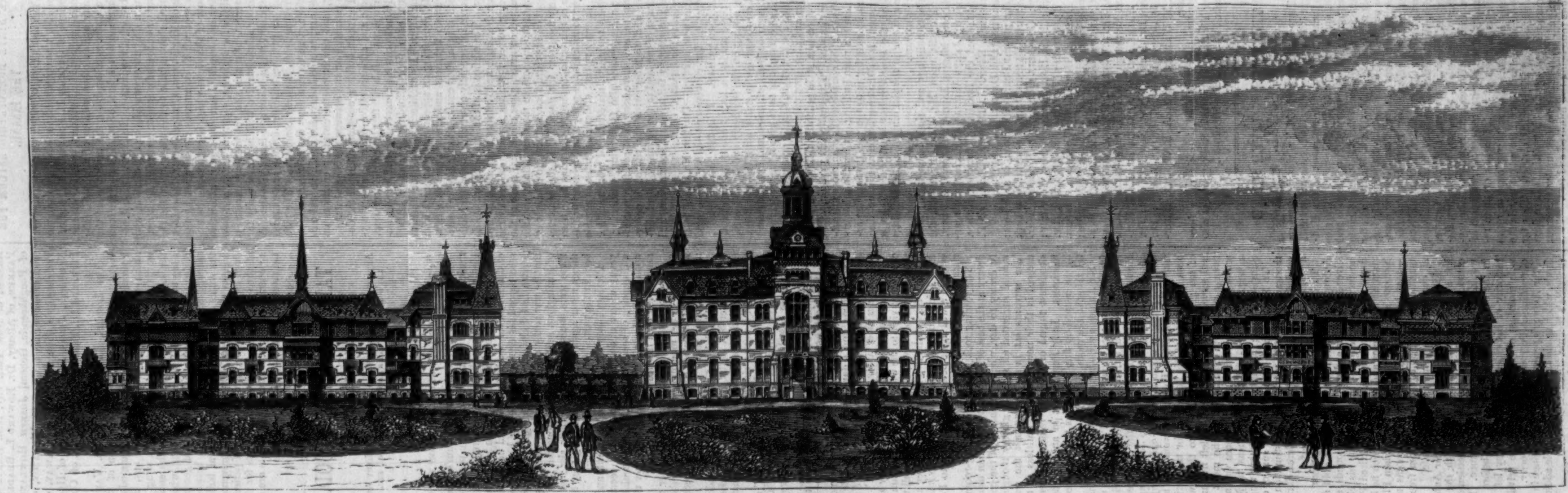


FIGHTING THE FIRE.—[DRAWN BY FRENZENY AND TAVERNIER.]

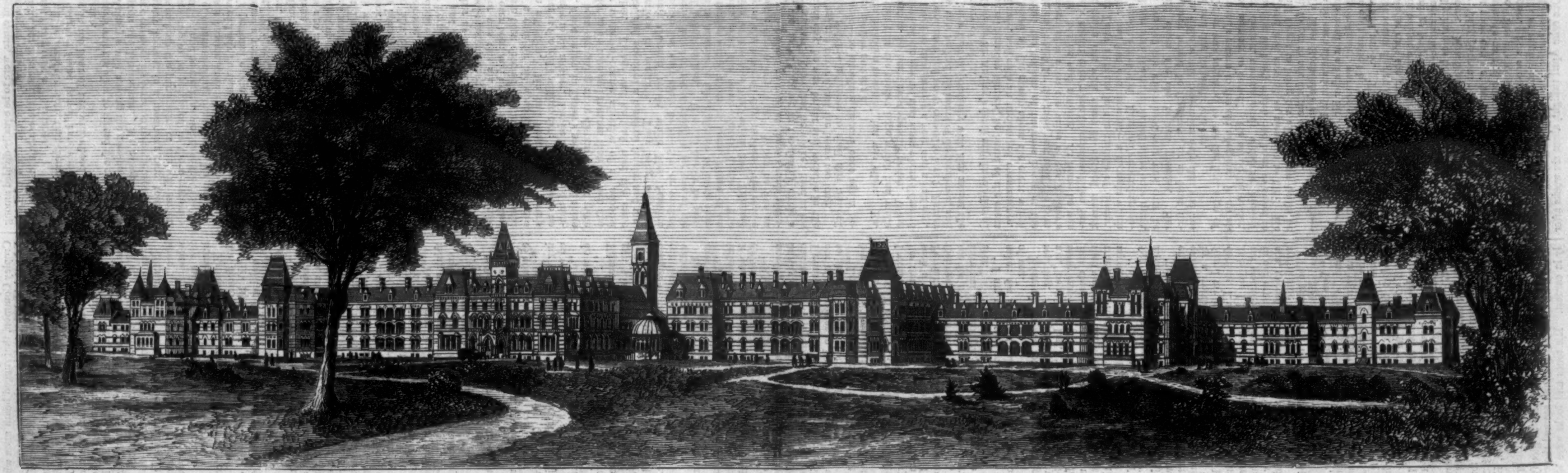
FIGHTING THE FIRE.

THE astonishing rapidity with which the prairie fire, driven by furious winds, sweeps on in its work of devastation is something beyond the power of description. Awakening terror under any circumstances, it is especially dreaded when it makes its way toward the settlements. In such an event the alarm is speedily given, and in the twinkling of an eye every man, woman, and child turns out to fight the foe. All sorts of expedients are used to stay the progress of the flames. Blankets, rags tied on ends of sticks, and every thing that can be used to beat down the fire, are brought into requisition. In the illustration on this page a scene of this description is given. "All men on fire-guard!" is the order, which is speedily obeyed, and not until the last spark has been quenched will the band cease the brave fight with the flames.

"BUSTED!"—A DESERTED RAILROAD TOWN IN KANSAS.—[SEE PAGE 195.]



THE STATE HOMEOPATHIC ASYLUM FOR THE INSANE, MIDDLETOWN, ORANGE COUNTY, NEW YORK.—FROM THE DESIGNS OF THE ARCHITECT, CARL PFEIFFER.—[SEE PAGE 194.]



HUDSON RIVER STATE HOSPITAL FOR THE INSANE, POUGHKEEPSIE, DUTCHESS COUNTY, NEW YORK.—FROM THE DESIGNS OF THE ARCHITECT, FREDERICK CLARKE WITHERS.—[SEE PAGE 194.]

THE STATE HOMEOPATHIC ASYLUM FOR THE INSANE.

This institution, of which we give a view on page 193, was originated in 1869, through the exertions of George F. Foote, M.D., and of certain public-spirited citizens both in Orange County and in other sections of the State, who were desirous of applying the principles of the Hahnemannian school of medicine to the cure and relief of the insane. In April, 1870, it became a duly incorporated State institution, and a site was chosen for it upon a farm of 250 acres, located about a mile to the westward of the village of Middletown, Orange County, New York—a spot which commends its selection by the beauty of the views which it commands, its excellent and healthful surroundings, its admirable facilities for drainage, supply of water, and ease of access. On this site has been constructed a main or administrative building, now ready for occupancy, and a boiler and laundry-house. A wing, or pavilion building, for the accommodation of patients, is partly completed. The plan of the asylum contemplates four of these pavilion buildings, two on either side of the central edifice, and connected therewith by corridors on the ground-floor and between the basements.

The main building accommodates all the domestic and administrative offices, and seventy-five patients. It is 175 feet long by 62 feet deep, and four stories high, exclusive of attic and basement, each floor affording an area of 12,000 square feet. Its architecture is of the Rhenish style, combining an appearance of strength with a certain lightness and cheerfulness of effect, which is in marked contrast to the sombre heaviness not infrequently observable in asylum buildings. The edifice is of the best brick, with Ohio stone dressings, and from its front a boldly projecting tower furnishes a *porte cochère* to the principal entrance, gives additional space to the elegant music-room on the second floor, and the chapel on the third floor, and rises to a height of ninety feet from the ground. In the construction of this building the greatest pains have been taken to make it fire-proof; and its interior finish, in every respect of detail, is most admirable both as to design, material, and workmanship. The arrangements also for heating, ventilating, sewerage, etc., have been most carefully considered, and, together with the thorough under-drainage of the land in the vicinity of the buildings, can scarcely fail to secure healthfulness and comfort to the inmates.

The new building—Pavilion No. 1, as it is designated for convenience—is to be devoted entirely to patients. It is 204 feet in length, and three stories in height above the basement, with a wing on the southerly end 70 feet deep, and on the northerly end a wing 100 feet deep, and is to be built of brick and half-timbered work, so constructed as to give it the appearance of three distinct villas, slightly connected by balconies and glass-covered galleries, thus avoiding the prison-like style generally followed in similar institutions. Externally this pavilion, when finished, will be considered as even more attractive than the main building. Charming, however, as its exterior is to the eye, the interior arrangement is still more graceful and home-like: indeed, the *home-like* has been, and will be, a *sine qua non* in the planning of all the buildings of this asylum.

These buildings and their belongings reflect much credit upon Mr. Carl Pfeiffer, the architect; Messrs. Lyons, Fellows, & Bunn, builders; James Willis, C.E., landscape architect; and the Building Committee, Messrs. Grinnell Burt, J. Draper, M.D., E. P. Wheeler, and Daniel Thompson.

The present Board of Trustees is as follows: Fletcher Harper, Jun., President, New York city; Grinnell Burt, Vice-President, Warwick; P. S. Hoe, Treasurer, New York city; M. D. Stivers, Secretary, Middletown; Dr. J. Draper, Hon. E. P. Wheeler, Daniel Thompson, and Hon. H. R. Low, Middletown; J. Cowdrey, Warwick; Dr. D. C. Jayne, Florida; Dr. J. Ostrom, Goshen; James G. Graham, Newburgh; D. D. T. Marshall; Salem H. Wales, Dr. T. F. Allen, Dr. E. M. Kellogg, Dr. John F. Gray, New York city; Dr. E. D. Jones, Dr. H. M. Paine, Albany; Dr. W. H. Watson, Utica; A. B. Conger, Haverstraw.

Middletown is distant sixty-six miles from New York city by the Erie Railway, and is also reached by the Midland Railroad.

THE HUDSON RIVER STATE HOSPITAL.

This institution, of which a view is given on page 193, was created by the Legislature in 1867. Its location is upon the east bank of the Hudson, one mile north of Poughkeepsie. The site was purchased by the city of Poughkeepsie and the county of Dutchess for $85,000, and made over to the State of New York, as a free gift, for the purposes of the hospital. Subsequently legislative enactment designated the following counties as the *Hudson River State Hospital District:* Suffolk, Queens, Kings, Richmond, New York, Westchester, Rockland, Putnam, Sullivan, Orange, Ulster, Dutchess, Columbia, Greene, Albany, Rensselaer, Saratoga, Washington, Essex, Clinton, Warren, and Franklin. The regulations of the hospital restrict the admission of patients to cases of *acute insanity*, or those recently attacked. The managers hope to make provision eventually for all the insane now in the poor-houses of the hospital district. Thus far about four hundred and fifty patients have been admitted, the highest number under treatment at one time being two hundred and two.

The managers of the hospital are, Hon. Abiah W. Palmer, of Amenia, Dr. Cornelius R. Agnew, of New York city, Hon. Amasa J. Parker, of Albany, Dr. Edward L. Beadle, of Poughkeepsie, General Joseph Howland, of Matteawan, Hon. Charles Wheaton, of Poughkeepsie, Hon. Odell S. Hathaway, of Newburgh, James Roosevelt, Esq., of Hyde Park, and Dr. Frederick D. Lente, of Cold Spring.

The hospital, designed by Messrs. Vaux, Withers, & Co., under the direction of the Committee on Plans, is intended to accommodate about three hundred patients of each sex, the wards for men constituting the entire wing to the south, and the wards for women the entire wing to the north of the central building, which is devoted to the various departments of general management. The chapel is placed between the wings and in the rear of the central building, so that patients of one sex are prevented from looking into the wards or yards of patients of the other sex. All the arrangements for the accommodation and treatment of patients are of the most complete character.

TAKEN AT THE FLOOD.

By MISS BRADDON,

Author of "Strangers and Pilgrims," "Lady Audley's Secret," "The Lovels of Arden," etc.

CHAPTER XLIV.

"I DO BELIEVE YOU; AND I KNOW YOU TRUE."

The tidings of Sir Aubrey Perriam's death made a profound impression upon the people of Hedingham. They had been but rarely favored with the sunshine of his countenance at the best of times, and for the last year he had never been seen beyond his own grounds—nay, his very existence had dwindled to a tradition. Yet now that he was really dead, it seemed to the people of Hedingham as if a light had gone out; as if there were one star the less in their sky; as if things never again could be quite what they had been in the past.

Perriam Place abandoned to an infant, and a young widow of doubtful extraction! it seemed a disruption of social order. People speculated upon the life Lady Perriam would lead now that she was her own mistress.

"I dare say she'll give dinner-parties after the first year of her mourning," said Mrs. Toynbee, who had not forgotten Sylvia's ungracious reception of her only visit.

"I should think she would go up to London, and have her box at the opera, and ride in Rotten Row," said Miss Toynbee. "That's what I should do if I were a rich young widow."

"The question is whether she is rich," remarked Mrs. Toynbee, with an oracular air. "We have heard nothing about Sir Aubrey's will yet."

"I suppose we shall hear of it," said the daughter, with natural curiosity.

"I should think so. Mr. Vancourt is most likely to hear, and I dare say I shall be able to get it out of him. And it will be in the *Illustrated News* most likely after a day or two."

Mr. Bain read the will at noon on the day after his first visit to the widowed Lady Perriam in the presence of Sylvia, Mr. Stimpson, and all the servants except the two nurses, Mrs. Carter and Mrs. Tringfold, who could not possibly be interested in a will made before their advent to Perriam.

The reading took place in the dining-room—dreary at the best of times, but more than usually dreary to day, when the nature of the ceremonial suggested all sad and gloomy thoughts. The servants sat in a row against the wall, dressed in their new mourning, guiltless of the slenderest thread of white to relieve its dense blackness. Lady Perriam sat in an arm-chair by the heaped-up fire, which was the only cheerful thing in the room.

Sir Aubrey's will showed some thoughtfulness for his dependents, though he had taken care not to impoverish the estate by too liberal legacies. He left small pensions to each of the older servants, and a rather large pension to Jean Chapelain, but pensions which they were only to enjoy when superannuated. To every servant who had been a member of his household for the period of ten years he left fifty pounds, to those who had served him over five years he left five-and-twenty pounds, in recognition of the merit of prolonged service, said the will. There was also a bequest of five-and-twenty guineas to Mr. Stimpson for the purchase of a mourning ring.

To Mr. Shadrach Bain he left the sum of one thousand pounds, to mark his high estimation of services ably and conscientiously rendered during a period of many years.

To his "dear brother" Mordred Perriam Sir Aubrey Perriam left his collection of gold and silver snuff-boxes and one thousand pounds, and he further desired that his widow, or his children, should continue to the said Mordred Perriam all advantages and privileges which he had hitherto enjoyed as an inmate of Perriam Place—that he should still occupy those rooms now tenanted by him, and reside at Perriam free of all charge for the natural term of his life.

Finally, to his beloved wife Sylvia Sir Aubrey left all his personal estate, which, with the income she would enjoy under her settlement, would amply provide for her maintenance. But in the event of his death happening before the majority of his eldest son, Sir Aubrey left his wife guardian of the infant, with the privilege of residing at Perriam during his minority.

Sir Aubrey's personalty included money in the funds, which would make a considerable addition to Sylvia's income.

The additional lands, tenements, and hereditaments which had been acquired within the last fifty years, and constituted Sir Aubrey's independent estate, were to be equally divided among his younger children, after the death of Lady Perriam, her interest in the estate under the settlement being only a life-interest.

It will be seen, therefore, that the school-master's daughter found herself handsomely provided for in the hour of her widowhood and independence.

Rumor was not slow to spread the contents of Sir Aubrey's will among the gossips of Monkhampton and Hedingham. Mr. Stimpson, who did not consider his devotion recompensed by the trumpery bequest of a mourning ring, took no pains to keep the particulars of the will secret. It was sure to be published in the newspapers by-and-by, and he might as well have the satisfaction of communicating the news to his patients. Thus it became known in Hedingham that the widowed Lady Perriam had inherited all Sir Aubrey's personal estate, which added about two thousand a year to her income under the settlement. This, exaggerated by rumor, soon swelled to ten, fifteen, or twenty thousand, according to the fancy of the narrator.

Those who remembered Sylvia less than two years ago as the village school-master's daughter lifted up their hands and eyes, and marveled at this wondrous turn in fortune's wheel.

At Dean House the news of Sir Aubrey's death was received almost in silence, but it was a shock to more than one member of Mrs. Standen's household.

To Mrs. Standen herself the event was most unwelcome. Fortune could make no change in her dislike to and distrust of Sylvia. As Sir Aubrey Perriam's widow, with a large income, she was just as obnoxious to Edmund Standen's mother as she had been when only the village school-master's daughter.

Nor was this all. Though nothing definite had ever been said by her son, Mrs. Standen had of late been cheered by the hope that he would find a cure for his wounded heart in Esther's calm affection. He had breathed no lover's prayer in the girl's willing ear; he had made no promise to his mother. But he had seemed tranquil, if not happy, in Esther's society; and there had been something more distant and yet more tender in his tone and manner than the free and easy matter-of-course affection of an adopted brother. Esther and he had read the same books, and acquired a hundred fancies and predilections in common. They sang together dreamy German music, while Mrs. Standen dozed in her easy-chair by the fire, or worked at some lace-bedizened pinafore for one of the small grandchildren. It could hardly be possible to imagine a fairer picture of home than the family sitting-room at Dean House of an evening after the seven-o'clock dinner. The routine of business life, which kept Edmund away at the bank all day, rendered the repose of home doubly enjoyable. When he was an idle man he had yawned at these simple pleasures, and found evening in the family circle a long business. Now that he worked hard at his desk all day, he was bright and sociable in the evening, and never found the hours too long.

Was Sylvia's influence to spoil this tranquil gladness—to introduce discord once again between mother and son?

Mrs. Standen trembled, but was silent. Esther felt that the tender hope which had made its nest in her heart must speedily perish. What chance had she against that siren whom Edmund had loved so passionately a year and a half ago, and perchance had never ceased to love? Esther knew that he had his hours of despondency, and she knew that despondency with him meant the memory of Sylvia.

However Sir Aubrey's death may have affected Edmund Standen himself, he heard of the event in silence, and with an unchanged countenance. He heard all the gossip about the event which beguiled the tedium of business hours at the bank, and which for the most part took the form of speculation upon the value of Sir Aubrey's estate; but he said nothing. At home he was equally silent; even when thoughtless Ellen Sargent broke out with some ill-advised remark about Lady Perriam in the middle of dinner, Esther had but one thought—a thought which was almost conviction. Edmund's unextinguished flame would burst into a full blaze once more, and ere Sylvia's widowhood was well over he would claim the old broken promise. Her treachery would be forgotten, or at least forgiven. He would remember only that she was free, and that he might win her.

Esther was prepared to see the first sign of Edmund's return to the old allegiance in an altered manner to herself. He would be colder, more distant, unconsciously withdraw himself from that intimacy which had been so sweet to her, and had seemed so pleasant to him. He would forget to bring her all the new books he read, forget to ask for the old duets.

To Miss Rochdale's surprise, however, there was no such alteration in Edmund's manner. If he changed at all after Sir Aubrey's death, it was to grow kinder, warmer even. They were more than ever united by their mutual love of literature and music. They read Schiller together, to the secret disgust of Mrs. Standen and Ellen, to whose ears the gutturals of that grand Sclavonic tongue were unutterably barbarous. As the evenings lengthened Edmund pleaded for after-dinner rambles in the meadows, where the violets and primroses heralded spring's carnival of field flowers. Mrs. Standen never went out after dinner; Mrs. Sargent preferred the nursery to any spot upon earth at her little ones' bed-time; so Edmund's natural companion was Esther Rochdale. She was too thoroughly pure to affect prudishness. She accompanied him for his evening walks as readily and unquestioningly as if they had been brother students at Heidelberg.

One calm April twilight, about six weeks after Sir Aubrey's death, they had strayed as far as Cropley Common, that rugged heath upon which Edmund had met Sylvia in the rain-storm, and answered her curious questions about his engagement to Esther. The hill-side, with its knolls and dells and furze-crowned peaks, wore a different aspect on this bright April evening. The western sky was still rosy after a fine sunset, and the faint, pale crescent of a waxing moon shone dimly in the vault above. The distant sea line was purpled with the shadow of coming night, and one lonely white-sailed bark glimmered far away upon the darkening blue.

Edmund and Esther had been walking in silence for some time, each wrapped in thought, when the young man stopped, and proposed a few minutes' rest before they struck into the homeward path.

Esther, generally ready to obey, on this occasion demurred.

"It's late already, Edmund, and auntie will be waiting for her tea." The superintendence of the tea-table was one of Esther's evening duties.

"Let her enjoy rather a longer nap than usual, Essie. The sleep won't do my mother any harm, and I want to have a little talk with you."

Esther complied, and sat down on the grassy knoll which Edmund suggested as the best resting-place. The evening—April on the threshold of May—was as warm as many nights in June.

"I don't see why we should sit here to talk, Edmund, since we have been talking more or less all the time we've been out, and are likely to go on talking all the way home."

"Yes, I never find myself at a loss for something to talk about when I am with you, Essie. I suppose that means community of tastes, sympathy, and so on, eh?"

"I suppose so."

"Perhaps, after all, my real motive was a smoke. May I have a cigar?"

"Of course you may. You know I am used to your smoking."

"In that case I shall light up. These evening walks wouldn't be half so nice if you objected to the cigar, Essie."

"I dare say not. I think you would rather do without me than the cigar."

"I don't quite know about that," answered Edmund, gravely. "I am very fond of the cigar, it is true, and if you forbade it I should feel the deprivation sorely. But I don't see my way to getting on without you. I never have been obliged to exist without you, you see, Essie. I can hardly judge what the flavor of life would be without Esther."

Esther's lip, unused to express scorn, curled ever so slightly at this remark.

"You did without me very well when you were in love with Sylvia Carew," she said. "I doubt if you were conscious of my existence in those days."

"Ah, Esther, that was a brief madness—a passing fever. While it lasted I was indeed hardly conscious of any thing except my siren's charm. Never speak to me of that time, Essie. I want to forget it altogether. I want to put it out of my power to look back upon it. I want to blot it out of my book of life."

"Lady Perriam is free now. You might win her after all," said Esther, lurking bitterness audible in her tones.

"I would not have her, polluted by falsehood. I would not take her, stained by the memory of her treason against me. No, Esther, I am not such a slave as you seem to think me. Lady Perriam's widowhood makes no difference to my feelings. Were she to usurp a man's right, and sue for my love, I would not yield it to her. I have put the thought of her out of my life forever."

"I am very glad to hear that, for your own sake; for I do not believe she was ever worthy of you."

Edmund smoked for a minute or two before replying. "No, Essie, she was not worthy of me," he said at last, "unworthy as I may be in many respects; for I was true, and she was false. But there is one woman I know who is more than worthy of me, who is worthy of the best and truest lover that ever lived. I wish I could think myself not unworthy of her."

"Your new idol must be very exalted if you feel yourself so much below her in merit," said Esther, with a vain endeavor to speak lightly.

"She is the gentlest and most modest of women, yet I feel unworthy to ask for her heart, because I once suffered my fancy to be led astray by a worthless woman, when I ought to have found my happiness close at hand. Nay, Essie darling, I won't speak in parables any longer. It is you I love, you whose sweetness has healed my wounded heart. We have been very happy in our evening walks, Esther. Is there any reason, except my unworthiness, that we should not travel side by side to the end of life?"

The girl looked up at him shyly, yet with a steady light in her soft dark eyes.

"You are in no manner unworthy of me, Edmund," she replied; "but I will not accept less than your whole heart. I love you well enough to be your adopted sister all my life—yes, even to see you happy with another woman, and take comfort from the thought of your happiness. But if you offer me any other kind of love than a brother's, I must have all or nothing. I will not have your heart if there is a corner of it that still belongs to Lady Perriam."

"Why do you mention that odious name?" cried Edmund, angrily. "Did not I tell you that I had put her out of my life—that for me there is no such person as Sylvia Perriam? Answer an honest man's honest question, Essie. Will you be my wife?"

The question was very plainly put. There was no purple light of love here to glorify the ancient theme. Yet Edmund seemed thoroughly in earnest. His tones and looks were tender and truthful. She who listened to him loved him too well not to be deeply moved.

"That is too serious a question to be answered hastily," replied Esther, gravely. "We are very happy as we are, Edmund. Let our peaceful life go on, and let your question remain unanswered a little longer, till you better know your own mind."

"I can not know my own mind better than I do now. I want this question settled at once, Essie. I want to feel that I have a purpose in life—something to look forward to, something to hope for, something to dream about. I thought while the pain of Sylvia's desertion was new that I could never hope again, never weave the old dream of wife and home, without which a man's life is but a dreary business at best. Providence has been kinder to me than I deserved, Essie, when I told myself that for me hope and love must henceforth be idle words. I have learned to hope again, to love again, and you have been my gentle teacher."

"I never tried to set you such a lesson, at least as regards the last part of the business," answered Esther, blushingly. "Auntie and all of us were anxious to see you hopeful, but I don't think any one thought—"

"You don't think any one thought," echoed Edmund, laughing at the girl's embarrassment. "I know that my mother never cherished a fonder hope than that you and I should be one. You wouldn't disappoint her, would you, Essie—you who love her so well?"

"I have no thought but of your happiness, Edmund. You mustn't marry me just to please auntie. That would not be the way to make your own life happy."

"My life can not be otherwise than happy with your companionship, Essie. Long ago you were my ideal woman. Yes, when you were only a girl of sixteen. Then came that fatal dream, and my love was lured away from you. I know now what a false flame that was which led me over marshes of difficulty only to land me in the slough of despond. Come, Esther darling, you are too kind to refuse me forgiveness for a wrong that has cost me so dearly."

"I have nothing to forgive, Edmund. I can not blame you for finding Sylvia Carew more attractive than I."

"Then, if there is nothing to forgive, all is settled; and you will be my sweet little wife."

The cigar had been thrown away ere this, and Edmund's arm had drawn Esther's slender form to his side, just as in twilights gone by Sylvia had nestled against his shoulder.

"You mean yes, Esther," said Edmund, trying to see her downcast eyes.

"You haven't even asked me if I love you."

"Suppose I am daring enough to fancy you do, just a very little, homeopathically, and not allopathically."

"I love you with all my heart," she answered, with a little burst of feeling—feeling so long repressed that it gushed out in spite of her desire to be restrained, wise, thoughtful, for her lover, rather than for herself. "I have no wish but to make you happy."

"There is only one way of doing that, Essie. Be my wife. The sooner the better, sweet. I want to feel that I have an interest in life, that I have some one to work for. I hope you mean to be very extravagant, Essie, and spend all your money and mine too, so that I may have to work hard for our children. Now, darling, it's getting dark and cold: I hope I haven't detained you here too long. But it was the business of a lifetime we had to settle, even at the risk of rheumatism and influenza. Come, love. Do you know, that is the best cigar I ever smoked."

They went home together, happy, through the deepening night. How could Esther doubt her lover when he had so little doubt of himself?

CHAPTER XLV.

MR. BAIN IS PUZZLED.

It had been the popular belief at Hedingham and Monkhampton that Lady Perriam's first use of her liberty would be to take flight from the splendid seclusion of "The Place;" but to the surprise and even disappointment of these false prophets, who would have liked to see their vaticinations realized, Lady Perriam still continued to occupy the gloomy old rooms, and to take her lonely walks upon the Italian terrace. She had youth, beauty, liberty, wealth—all the world invited her to share its pleasures while the bloom was still upon her life—yet she was constant to the dreary existence she had lived with her sick husband, and seemed proof against all the temptations which allure youth.

Even Mr. Bain wondered, and was not slow to express his wonderment, at her solitary and secluded existence. He saw her looking pale, and even care-worn, as if with sleepless nights, and urged the necessity of change of air and scene.

"You ought to spend a few weeks at Weston-super-Mare, or Malvern," said the land-steward, during one of his periodical visits to the Place—visits which Sylvia did her best to discourage, but which Mr. Bain continued as regularly as if he had received the warmest welcome. The Court of Chancery had made him guardian of the infant heir, according to the express wish of Sir Aubrey as recorded in his will, Lady Perriam having no one she could put forward against him. He was thus, for all practical purposes, master of the house she lived in; he could come and go as he pleased; and she felt that his power had been increased instead of being diminished by her husband's death.

She made her stand against him, however, and without actually defying him, did her best to resist his growing power.

"You are extremely kind, Mr. Bain," she said, when the steward suggested change of air; "but when I want advice I will take it from Mr. Stimpson."

"But you are looking ill, must be ill, I should think, and you don't call in Stimpson."

"When I want him I shall send for him."

"Very well, Lady Perriam. Of course I have no right to interfere beyond the warm interest I feel in all that concerns you."

Sylvia drew herself up haughtily at this speech.

"Be good enough to confine your interest to my son's affairs," she said. "The Court of Chancery did not appoint you my guardian."

"I can not be interested in the son without some anxiety about the mother. For St. John's sake you are bound to take care of your health. You are ruining your health, and even injuring your beauty, by the dismal life you lead here."

That expression, "injuring your beauty," struck home. Lady Perriam looked in her glass directly Mr. Bain was gone, to see if he had told her the truth.

Yes, there was no doubt of it. She had a faded look already; her eyes were hollow, and their brightness was not the liquid lustre of happy youth, but a feverish brilliancy. She had a look of Mrs. Carter. She tossed off the light widow's cap impatiently, pushed back the thick hair from her forehead, and looked at herself with a searching scrutiny.

"Yes, there are wrinkles coming already," she said—"already, and I am not three-and-twenty. I think too much. I want rest of mind, change of scene. That man is right. His watchful eyes see every thing. I wonder they don't read my inmost heart. He is right. I want change, fresher air to blow this faded look out of my face. But how can I ever leave this hateful house?"

Mr. Bain went home ruminating upon that brief conversation with Lady Perriam. He had perceived her startled look, fleeting as the expression was, when he spoke of her faded beauty.

"She wants to preserve her good looks," he thought. "Is it for Edmund Standen's sake, I wonder?"

A change had come upon the respectable dwelling in Monkhampton High Street, and this time the change was permanent. There was no further cause for the fluctuations of hope and fear. The mourning band which Mr. Bain had put round his hat after Sir Aubrey Perriam's death had been replaced by a deeper band, which covered the hat almost to the top. Shadrach Bain was a widower. Mrs. Bain had revived considerably in the milder climate of Cannes. Her health, indeed, had so much improved as to renew hope in Clara Louisa's breast; but just when she gave most hopeful accounts of the invalid, there came a sharp and sudden attack, which swept away this frail life, as withered leaves are scattered before the autumn blast.

Long as their minds had been divided by hope and fear, this event was a terrible shock for all the sons and daughters. Ill health had become, in a manner, their mother's normal state. They had grown accustomed to think of her as an invalid, but they had never prepared themselves for her loss. Deepest sorrow and deepest gloom descended upon the comfortable old square-built house like a thunder-cloud. The jingle of the housekeeping keys, the pride of being mistress of her father's house, gave Matilda Jane no pleasure. The absence of the gentle house-mother made too sad a blank in the love-bound circle of home.

Mr. Bain took his loss very quietly. People said he felt it all the more. But if his grief was deep, it was not a vehement or passionate sorrow. His countenance, always serious and thoughtful, had a graver look now. He walked with downcast eyes, as if meditating upon the things of an unseen world. He became somewhat less regular in his attendance at the lengthy services in Water Lane Chapel: whereon the Water Lane Chapelites, charitably disposed to a man of Mr. Bain's standing, told one another that the poor dear man could not bear to sit in the family pew without his Amelia.

In the cemetery, just outside Monkhampton, a handsome stone memorial, of the square and solid order, an obelisk with a flame at the top, which looked rather more like a landmark for distant navigators than a tribute of affection to the dead, already testified Mr. Bain's devotion to his departed spouse. There had been no delay—the order had been given to the mason the day after the funeral—the handsomest monument he could supply for a hundred pounds.

After a month or so the land-steward's household returned to its normal state of methodical comfort. Matilda Jane had been too well drilled by the departed housewife to forget her teaching. Her eye was as keen as her mother's to scan the items in the butcher's book, and to detect a miscast of a column, or an error in the reckoning of ounces. Her hand was as steady as her mother's to weigh the grocery, and never made the servants' weekly half pound of tea too light or too heavy. The two domestics allowed that Miss Bain was just, though, if any thing, closer than her mamma.

Now that home had lost its chief charm in the removal of a fond and faithful wife, Mr. Bain might be forgiven if he spent less of his leisure by the domestic hearth than he had been wont to spend of old. He rode more, and devoted more time to the inspection of the Perriam property. Not a broken hurdle or a loosened drain pipe escaped that piercing eye. He took a good deal of trouble about small improvements, especially on that part of the land in which Lady Perriam had a life-interest. "If it were his own property," said the gossips, "Mr. Bain couldn't be more careful of it."

Twice in every week he called at Perriam Place, saw Lady Perriam, inquired after the health of his ward, and, if possible, saw that small individual, who was apt to squall at sight of the guardian to whom the High Court of Chancery had confided his infant years. "It's a pity," Nurse Tringfold said, "that Sir St. John doesn't take to Mr. Bain, and can't be made to take to him."

Sylvia reluctantly endured the steward's visits, and though she always resisted his interference, she was nevertheless compelled to submit to it. He superintended all the details of the household, or, as the servants said, "he had a finger in every pie."

One day, soon after that evening walk upon Cropley Common which had united Edmund and Esther with the sacred bond of betrothal, Mr. Bain took occasion to make some inquiries about Mrs. Carter.

"Why do you keep that woman, Lady Perriam?" he asked. "She is a very costly servant. I was surprised to find what heavy wages you pay her, and she can hardly be of any use now."

"She is a great deal of use," replied Sylvia, "and I have no intention of dismissing her."

The agent shrugged his shoulders, and gave Lady Perriam that keen look she both feared and hated. Her cheek had paled at his question. Was it anger that sent the sensitive blood from that fair cheek?

"Don't be angry, Lady Perriam. Of course I've no right to interfere, but—"

"Some people are fond of interfering without right," returned Sylvia, sharply. She was generally beaten in her battles with Mr. Bain, yet she never succumbed without a struggle.

"But I take a natural interest in your affairs," continued the agent, calmly, without any notice of the interruption, "and I don't like to see you do any thing foolish—out of good nature. For my own part, I never keep more cats than can catch mice, and I really don't see what earthly use this Carter woman can be to you."

"Perhaps you will kindly remember that she began life as a lady, and call her Mrs. Carter, instead of 'this Carter woman.'"

"I'll be as deferential as you like, Lady Perriam; but you haven't told me why you keep her."

"She is useful to me in more ways than one. First and foremost, she nurses Mr. Perriam when he is out of sorts."

"But if Mr. Perriam is ill enough to want a nurse, he ought surely to have the attendance of a medical man. Stimpson should take him in hand."

"Mordred is not ill enough to require Mr. Stimpson; but his head is a little queer now and then. Mrs. Carter has more influence over him than any one, and can soothe him, as she used to soothe poor Sir Aubrey."

"Yes, she is a clever woman. I always fancy those clever women, with their soothing ways, have a touch of the serpent in their composition."

"I trust Mrs. Carter, and I like her, so you may suppose that she is not a serpent."

"But you are so innocent, Lady Perriam; any one might take you in. I'm sorry poor Mr. Mordred is so queer. He ought to come out of his hole oftener, get more fresh air, see the world a little, in short. It's enough to addle any man's brain to be shut up in two rooms from one week's end to the other."

"Mr. Perriam has never cared to leave his room since his brother's death. Pray don't suggest that doctors should see him. They might urge us to put him into a lunatic asylum. He is only a harmless, half-imbecile old man. He is well off as he is."

"Very well, Lady Perriam. I will not interfere. Nothing pleases me better than to obey your wishes, if you will only express them plainly."

"Then I wish Mordred Perriam to be let alone, and not to be troubled by Mr. Stimpson or any other doctor."

"So be it, as long as his bodily health gives no cause for alarm. We must not let him die for want of medical care."

"He is not likely to die yet awhile," said Lady Perriam, with something like a regretful sigh, as if Mordred's existence were just a little burdensome. "He is well cared for by Mrs. Carter, and he is as happy as he can be, allowing for his natural grief for the loss of his brother."

This settled the matter. For once the land-steward was conquered. Indeed, his manner of late had been more deferential than usual. He seemed, as he declared himself, only anxious to please Lady Perriam in all things.

He was not a little disturbed by the thought of this interview with Sylvia as he rode slowly homeward. He had never liked Mrs. Carter. Her placid countenance and her repose of manner worried him, for he fancied that beneath that smooth exterior she concealed an active intellect, and perchance a plotting brain—a brain that might counterplot his own secret plans. He would have given much to get her away from Perriam Place, powerless as she must be compared with himself. But he now perceived that it was vain to think of getting rid of her. She had some hidden influence, some firm hold, upon Sylvia Perriam.

"There is something," thought Shadrach Bain, "some secret, between those two women. I could read as much in Lady Perriam's face to-day, when it paled at the mention of Mrs. Carter's name. Is the link a secret of the remote past, before Sylvia was Sir Aubrey's wife? or has it something to do with the time I was away, just before Sir Aubrey's death? There was a strangeness in Lady Perriam's manner when I first saw her after her husband's death which I have never been able to explain to myself. I have not forgotten her look of horror when we went into Sir Aubrey's room: a woman's natural aversion to the gloom of death, perhaps. Yet she seems of too stern a metal for weak fears such as those. There is something, a secret, a mystery, somewhere, and that woman Carter knows all about it. Why should I puzzle my brains to unravel it? Whatever it is, I'll make it work into the web of my own scheme, or I am something less than Shadrach Bain."

Not many weeks after this, before the summer was old, all Monkhampton was startled by an event which scandalized a considerable portion of the community. Shadrach Bain seceded from the Baptists, and entered the Church of England. Without a day's notice, he left his family to worship alone in the square deal pew in the Water Lane Chapel, and transferred himself to one of the oaken benches of the Parish Church.

"Let my children still sit under their favorite minister," said Mr. Bain. "I don't want to disturb their convictions, however my own opinions may change."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

"BUSTED!"

On page 192 we give an illustration of one of those towns that spring up along the lines of new railroads in the far West, flourish for a season, and then go to swift decay. Wolves and foxes are the only occupants; every building in the settlement is deserted and falling to ruin. This sight is to be frequently met with in Kansas and other portions of the West.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

Some drummers on a train from Boston to Portland recently wished to open a bottle of whisky they had with them, but had no corkscrew. "I'll get one," said one of the number, and rising, he called out, "Is there a gentleman from Portland on the train?" A gentleman responded. "Will you lend me your corkscrew?" said the drummer. The corkscrew was forthcoming. (This is a very pretty story, but the idea of a Boston drummer being without a corkscrew is a little too absurd.)

Counsel occasionally are a little unintelligible, as when one asked, "Mr. Witness, where were you when you saw that whistle sound?" And another: "How did he seem to get out of that wagon—of his own accord, or jumped out, or voluntarily, or how?"

Sweetening one's coffee is the first stirring event of the day.

Miners seldom lack for lodes of money.

A man out West was offered a dish of macaroni soup, but declined it, declaring they "couldn't play off any biled pipe-stems on him."

An early Spring.—Jumping out of bed at five o'clock in the morning.

Iceland holds out almost irresistible inducements to emigrants from New England in the announcement that there isn't a solitary lecturer within its boundaries.

In the early part of the American War Franklin went to Paris in hopes of obtaining pecuniary resources from France. For some time he was unsuccessful; and being present at a large party, a gentleman observed, "It must be owned, Sir, that America now exhibits to us a grand and magnificent spectacle." "True," replied the doctor, dryly; "but the spectators do not pay!"

Military Intelligence.—An army does not always fly when it extends its wings.

A soldier can not be half a soldier if he is in quarters.

Speaking of becoming attire, what thing is most likely to become a woman?—Why, a little girl, of course.

"I say, Jim," said a plowman, the other day, to his companion, "I know of a new-fashioned Mackintosh to keep out the wet." "What is that?" "Why, if you eat a red herring in the morning for breakfast, you'll be dry all the day."

A blacksmith can not only shoe a horse, but he can make a horse shoe.

An Irish lover remarked that "it's a very great pleasure to be alone, especially when your sweetheart is wid ye!"

"Come in out of the wet," as the shark said when he swallowed the boy.

A Western editor, anxious to do justice to the description of a croquet party he attended, longs for a "pen plucked by the queen of fairies from the brightest and most gorgeously tinted tuft of the bird-of-paradise, and dipped in golden ink."

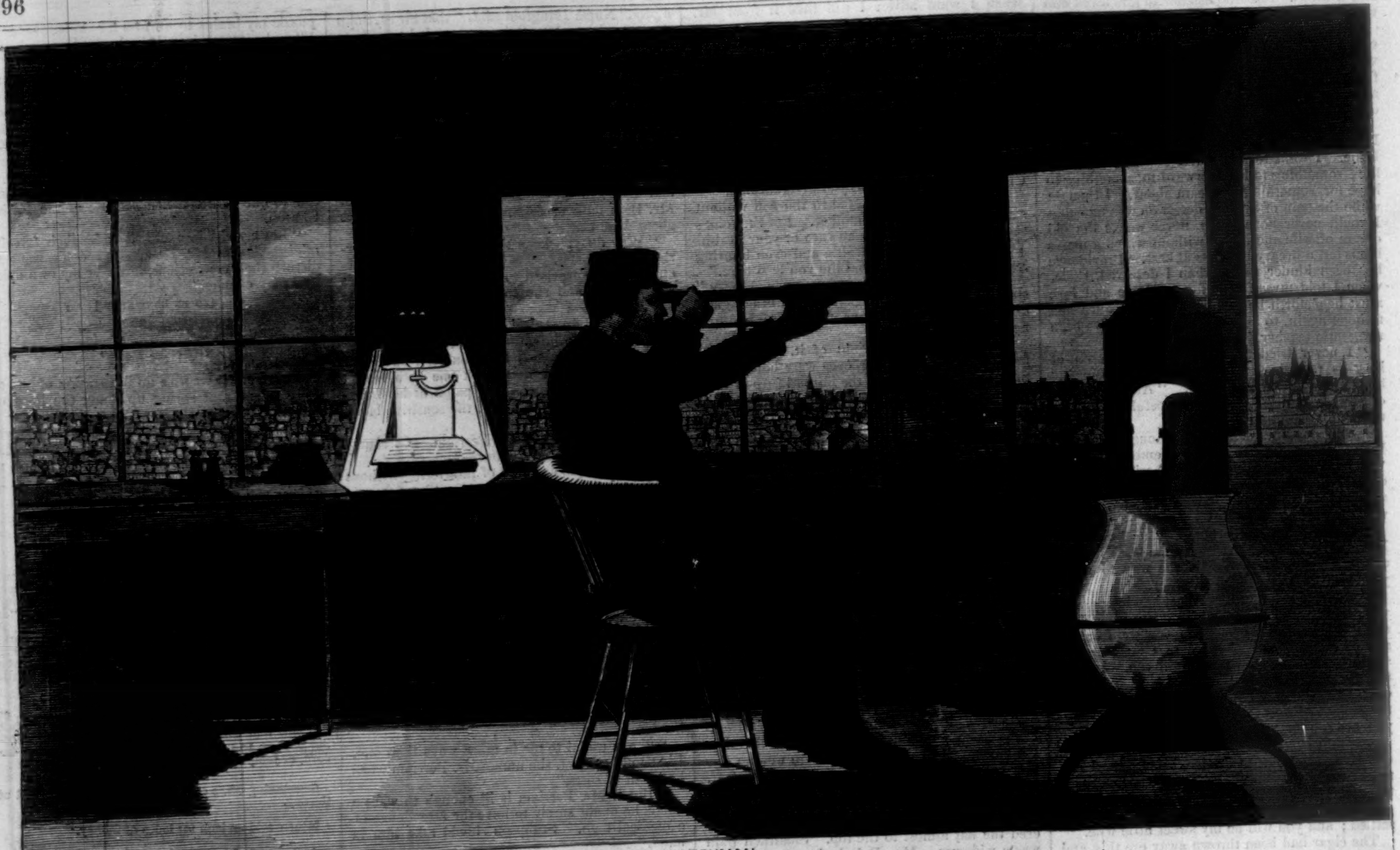
"Why do you use paint?" asked a violinist of his daughter. "For the same reason that you use rosin, papa." "How is that?" "Why, to help me draw my beau."

If you want to know whether a tree is hollow or not, axe it.

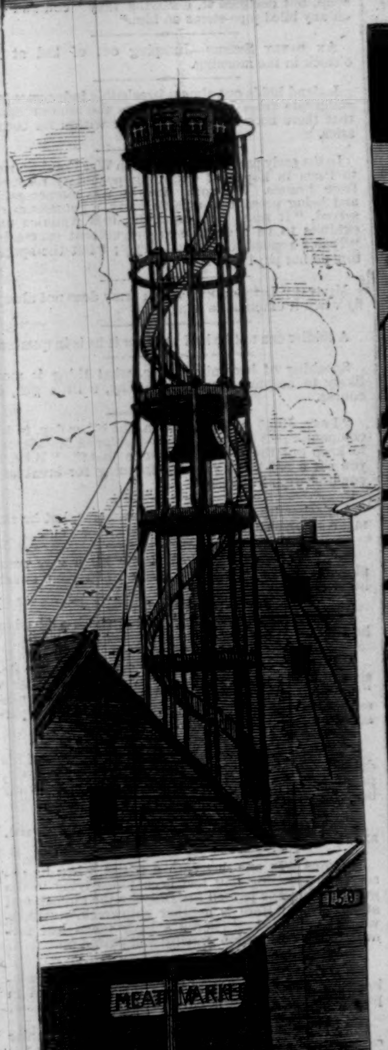
Muggins was one day with a friend, when he observed a poor dog that had been killed lying in the gutter; Muggins paused instantly by the animal, and at last said, "Here is another shipwreck." "Shipwreck!—where?" "There's a bark that's lost forever." His companion growled and passed on.

No matter how amiable a young lady may be, fashion now demands that she shall appear ruffled in public.

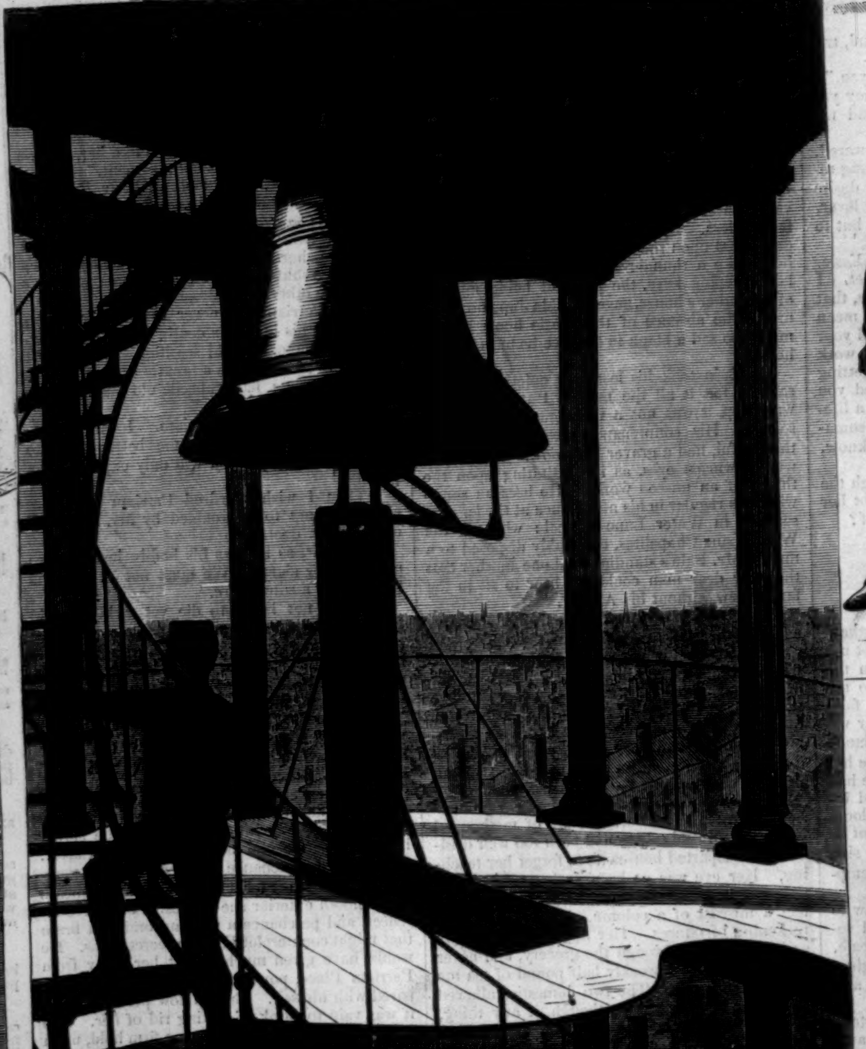
Old Father Brayne, of Syracuse, was a very popular camp-meeting leader. He used to tell in meeting the following story: While conducting a camp-meeting in Western New York, a messenger arrived at the camp to inform him that the wife of the chief deacon had died that morning. Father Brayne delegated his powers to another, and started home to comfort the bereaved widower. After a twenty miles' ride, he reached the farm-house where the deacon lived about four in the afternoon. On entering he shook the widower by the hand and sat down in silence. By-and-by he began to condole with the bereaved man, and offered him all the consolation in his power. "It's a very heavy grief you have to bear," said the minister, "but you must bear up like a man." "Yes," the deacon responded, "it's kind o' rough. Let's take a walk around." Father Brayne, thinking that the widower felt ill and depressed, and that the fresh air would do him good, readily assented. The deacon led him to his barns and stables, and showed him over his farm. The parson appeared to take a great interest in every thing, and rejoiced to think that he was helping to divert the deacon's mind from his terrible sorrow. After they had gone round the whole farm the deacon said: "Now, minister, ye see every thing's in fine order. What would ye advise me to do—bring my daughter and her husband here to manage the place, or go bucking about among the girls again for another wife?"

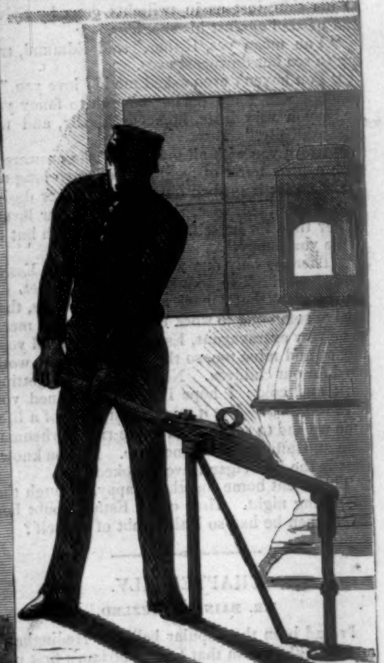


THE WATCHMAN.

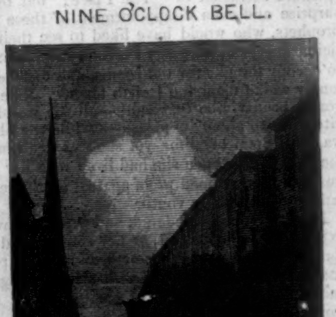


THE TOWER.



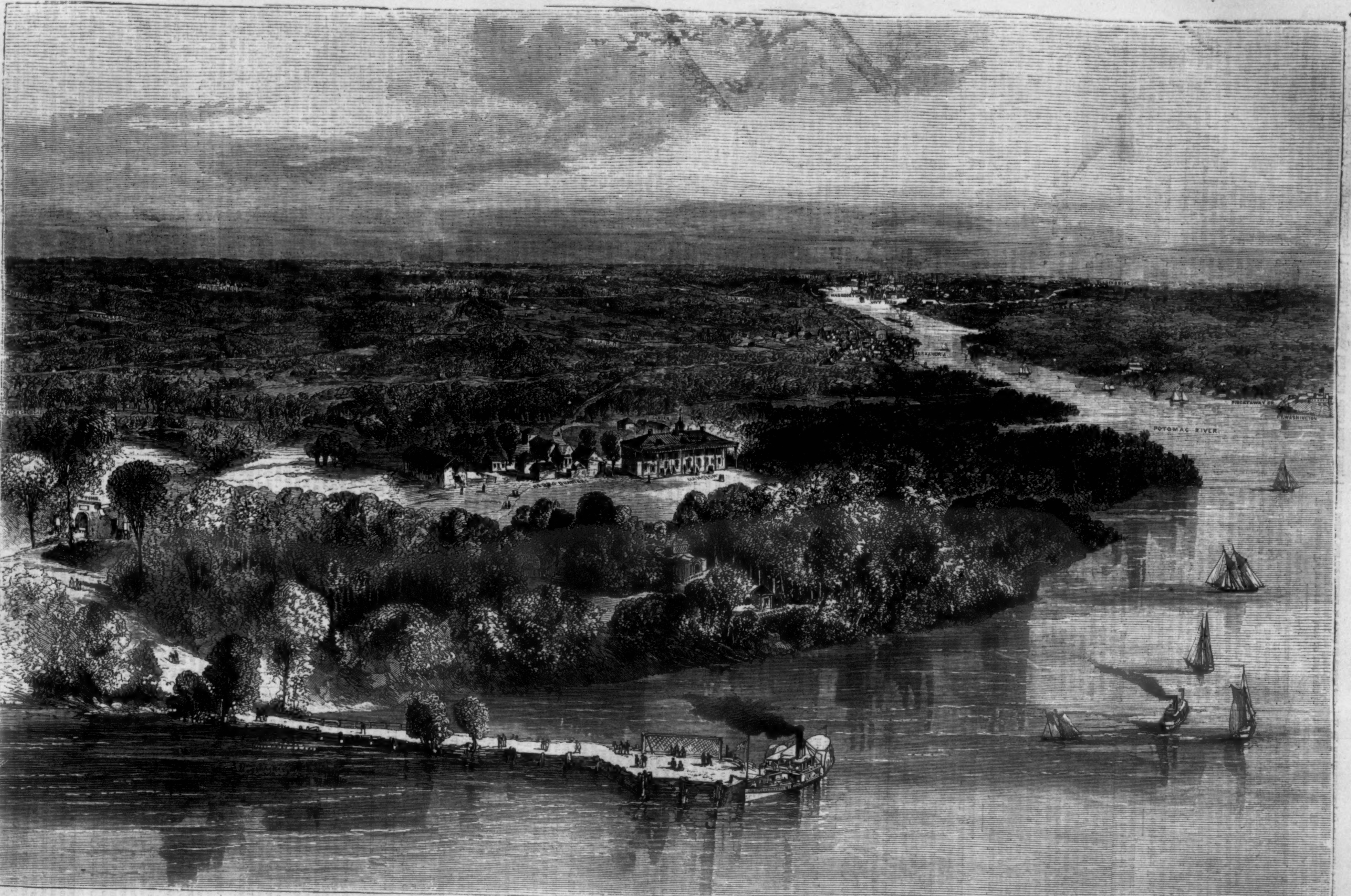


NINE O'CLOCK BELL.



A FIRE.

WATCH-TOWER, CORNER OF SPRING AND VARICK STREETS, NEW YORK.—Drawn by Winslow Homer.—[See Page 191.]


WASHINGTON
NAVY YARD
BLADENSBURG
ALEXANDRIA
PISCATAWAY CR.
FT. WASHINGTON
POTOMAC RIVER.

MOUNT VERNON, 1874.—Drawn by Theo. R. Davis.—[See Page 202.]

PERSONAL.

MR. JAMES W. GERARD, who died in this city on the 7th inst., was one of the best known and most highly esteemed of our citizens. He was eighty years of age, and probably no man had seen more of the brighter side of every phase of New York life or contributed to it more than he. He was familiarly acquainted with most of those who, for fifty years past, have been conspicuous in this country in the learned professions, the arts, the drama, literature, music, etc. He was an able lawyer, a man of the keenest wit, and a most delightful companion. On retiring from the bar in 1868 he was honored by a public dinner at DELMONICO's by the members of the legal profession. Throughout life he declined to mingle in politics, but delighted to fill, as he did most conscientiously and industriously for twenty years, the office of Inspector of Public Schools. He will pass into the history of New York as one of the most useful and eminent of her citizens.

—The report of JAMES W. LATTA, Adjutant-General of the State of Pennsylvania, which has been lately issued, is a valuable and in some respects an exceptional document. The suggestion is made that the whole National Guard of the State parade in Philadelphia during the Centennial. The spectacle of so many citizen soldiers would doubtless be impressive, but the attendant expense may be a bar to the execution of this somewhat ambitious design. General LATTA has brought ability and zeal to the discharge of his onerous and, what we fear is sometimes lost sight of, responsible duties.

—Colonel BRUCE, the new United States Senator from Mississippi, was for some years sheriff of Bolivar County. A newspaper published at his home in Floreyville, Mississippi, says: "In intellectual, moral, or social qualities he has no superior in the State. His private character is spotless, and his official career has been correct, straightforward, and unblemished. He is one of the ablest and most popular leaders of his race." And his political friends look for a creditable discharge of his duties as a Senator.

—The Duke of Devonshire has purchased for $10,000 a red two-year-old short-horned bull from Westbury Grange. The price is the highest ever known to have been paid for a bull—except PAUL POTTER's.

—Mr. I. H. PULESTON, just elected to Parliament from the borough of Devonport, is well remembered in the financial and social circles of New York. He is a native of Wales, and a year or two before he left the United States was President of the St. David's Society of New York. On coming to America he took to the pen as editor of a paper in Pittston, Pennsylvania. He was secretary of the Peace Convention in 1860, and was military agent at Washington for the State of Pennsylvania during the war. Afterward he established the Wall Street banking firm of PULESTON, RAYMOND, & Co., which led to his becoming a partner in the London house of JAY COOKE, M'CULLOCH, & Co., which fortunately survived the calamity that carried down the American firm of JAY COOKE & Co. Mr. PULESTON is a gentleman of culture, having been educated as a surgeon, and for some years attached to the London Charing Cross Hospital. He is an agreeable speaker, a thorough business man, a very genial gentleman, and ought to, as he doubtless will, become a very useful and popular member of Parliament.

—The Rev. CHARLES KINGSLEY, who arrived in New York on the 11th inst., is alike distinguished in literature and theology. He is chaplain in ordinary to the Queen and to the Prince of Wales, and Canon of Chester, and is descended from the ancient family of KINGSLEYS of Kingsley, who joined the Parliamentary army under CROMWELL, and afterward that of CHARLES II. He is fifty-four years of age, and graduated with high honor at Cambridge. Since entering the Church he has mixed much with workingmen, as may be inferred from his *Alton Locke*, and has taken part in various efforts to ameliorate the condition of the working classes to such an extent as to have earned the name of the "Chartist Parson." Since 1846 he has been a busy and popular writer, having written a dozen novels, several lectures, essays on all sorts of subjects, and various volumes of sermons.

—General CHARLES P. STONE, an American, now occupying a chief position in the Egyptian army, writes that under the rule of the present Viceroy improvements are rapidly progressing. "Cairo has now broad streets, well lighted with gas, through which a great number of carriages roll, and the changes among the people have been greater than that of the streets and edifices of the city."

—Senator GANSON, of Buffalo, is a gentleman of ready wit, as well as one of the soundest lawyers and soundest legislators in the State Senate. A few days since, pending the contest of Messrs. MADDEN and ABBOTT for the seat of the Tenth District, it was proposed that both gentlemen should be allowed seats in the Senate, which moved Mr. GANSON to say, "Well, I think both of them will make together a tolerably respectable Senator."

—A cousin of President JAMES MADISON, eighty-four years old, is now in the poor-house at Nashville, Tennessee.

—It was JOHNNY MATHEWS, aged seventy-five, the oldest Utica fireman, who, just before he died, a few days since, requested to be buried in his fireman's shirt, "for," said he, "when the Foreman above calls through His trumpet for the boys, old JOHNNY wants to be on hand with his red shirt and fire-hat."

—The King of Sweden has ordered a collection to be taken up on a fixed day throughout his kingdom, for the benefit of Emanuel Lutheran Church in Chicago.

—It is mentioned by a correspondent of the Cincinnati *Gazette* that Chief Justice WAITE, WILLIAM M. EVARTS, and EDWARDS PIERREPOINT were classmates at Yale. It may also be mentioned that the class of 1837, to which they belonged, numbered 103 graduates, and was one of the most distinguished that ever passed through the university. Besides the three eminent members above named, it embraced the names of Rev. Dr. CHAPIN, President of Beloit College; of Professor BENJAMIN SILLIMAN, Jun., of Yale, who bids fair to rival the fame of his illustrious father; of Rev. Dr. YERKES, Professor of Hebrew and Oriental Languages in Centre College, Kentucky; of JOHN PHELPS PUTNAM, Judge of the Supreme Court of Massachusetts; of ALLEN F. OWEN, member of Congress from Georgia; of C. L. LYMAN, Professor of Applied Chemistry at Yale; of Dr. ROBERT H. PADDOCK, one of the most eminent physicians in the country, besides many other prominent and influential citizens in different sections of the Union.

RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCE.

SELDOM has a religious body assembled under more exciting circumstances than are, as we write, surrounding the Protestant Episcopal Convention of the diocese of Wisconsin. The meeting is a special one, called for the purpose of electing a successor to the late Bishop ARMITAGE. It opened in Milwaukee on the morning of February 11; but owing to the want of agreement, a full organization was not reached till the evening session. The two prominent candidates were the Rev. Dr. EUGENE HOFFMAN, of Philadelphia, and the Rev. Dr. DE KOVEN, the head of Racine College, Wisconsin. After a long and acrimonious debate the votes of the clergy were taken, and resulted in 33 for DE KOVEN and 34 for HOFFMAN. This was negatived by the laity, when the Convention adjourned *sine die*.

The *Year-Book* of the Baptists of the United States gives very complete statistics of the progress of that energetic body of Christians. The figures for 1873, as compared with 1872, are as follows:

	1873.	1872.
Number of Associations..	890	853
Number of Churches.....	20,520	19,720
Number of Ministers	12,598	11,892
Additions by Baptism	70,162	84,625
Additions by Letter	30,521	37,407
Additions by Experience .	7,127	5,007
Additions by Restoration.	6,634	6,551
Diminutions by Death....	12,530	11,892
Diminutions by Letter ...	53,679	23,545
Diminutions by Exclusion	15,551	15,970
Diminutions by Erasure ..	4,158	5,293
Total membership........	1,633,939	1,585,232
Increase on last year.....	48,707	

It is believed that, adding the estimated number of baptisms for three hundred and fifty Associations not reporting on that point, the aggregate would reach 90,000. The total increase from 1871 to 1873 has been 144,748, or nine per cent.

Dr. DIO LEWIS is the projector of a new method of suppressing the retail liquor traffic—by women's prayer-meetings. The plan pursued is to hold services of singing and prayer in front of, or if possible upon, the premises of liquor-sellers, and to persist until one by one they surrender and promise to quit the business. These proceedings have been mostly confined to the State of Ohio, and have thus far been attended with signal success in small towns. In such places the ladies have the advantage of a concentration of public sentiment in their favor, and a detailed knowledge of the mischief done by many liquor shops. The feeling created throughout the West by this movement is described as intense. In the town of Shelbyville, Indiana, the saloon-keepers have served upon the ladies the following notice:

> "You will hereby take notice that from this time henceforth if the Temperance Alliance either congregates on, near, or about our premises or places of business for the purpose of holding prayer-meetings or other meetings, obstructing the sidewalks or entrance to our premises or places of business, or in any manner interfering with our business, or in any way molesting us or our agents by your meeting, we, the undersigned liquor vendors and saloon-keepers of the city of Shelbyville, will hold you and your husbands liable in a civil action for damages resulting to our business, trade, and avocation by your obstruction, interference, and annoyance to us and to our business. This notice is to be considered in force from and after its reading."

To this the ladies have replied:

> "Gentlemen, you threaten us. We answer in the kindness of our hearts. You warn us to cease praying and singing in the vicinity of your saloons because, as you suggest, it causes a loss of money to you. Permit us to answer by saying that it is you who are destroying our property, consuming our resources, interfering with our peace, sapping our health, blocking up our sidewalks and streets with your drunken men, and putting us to tens of thousands of dollars expense to restrain and punish the criminals you make."

This crusade against intemperance is spreading through the Western States.

More and more are the Jews in the United States drawing together, and acting for the promotion of common objects. The recent session of the Benai Berith at Chicago was attended by two hundred delegates. The proceedings are described as having been dignified and harmonious throughout. It was determined to publish an official organ and to prepare a history of the Jews in the United States. This history it is intended to have ready in season for the Centennial Exposition in 1876; copies will also be placed in the principal public libraries of the country. It was decided also to contribute some work of art as the offering of the Hebrew people to the Exposition. A memorial to Congress was adopted asking for the continuance and pay of the American consul at Bucharest. The consulship has proved of great service in conveying aid to the oppressed Jews of Roumania.

Some months since, in speaking of the Roman Catholic pilgrimages in Europe, we expressed the opinion that in time we would have shrines in the United States, with pilgrimages to them. That prediction is likely to be soon verified. The Rev. Father GARTNER has brought from Rome a collection of sacred relics, which have already been inspected, with approval, by the Archbishop of New York. The *Tablet* says of them: "We have authority for the statement that Father GARTNER, in accordance with the suggestion of the *Tablet*, does not, as originally was the intention, purpose dividing the relics among this diocese and that, but retaining the whole collection intact, that the church in which they will be placed may become an object of universal interest in America, and a place of pilgrimage to the faithful. The archbishop gave his heartiest blessing to the idea."

The *Tablet* further suggests that these remains of the saints be deposited in the new St. Patrick's Cathedral, of this city, when it is completed.

What an ultramontane government without adulteration is may be gathered from the present condition of the republic of Ecuador. The President, MORENO, has held office since 1861, and is a tool of the Jesuits. The church and the state are completely identified, or rather the state has been absorbed in the church. According to the *Pall Mall Budget*, which copies from the correspondence of the Cologne *Gazette*, "not only are the members of other religions excluded from all state appointments and forbidden to build churches and schools for themselves, but the Catholics are empowered to watch over the performance of religious duties by their non-Catholic countrymen, just as in the time of the Spanish alcaldes. All the schools in the country are placed under the direction of the Jesuits. The most important professorships are held by members of the order, and all the barriers formerly erected by the republican parliaments against ultramontane encroachments have been removed. In the present Congress all opposition has long ceased; 'the members do not even dare to make suggestions, and they simply execute blindly and humbly the wishes of their lord and master.' At their last sitting they were compelled to dedicate the whole of the country to the Sacred Heart of Jesus, to add a new holiday to the numerous ones already existing, and to vote a yearly subsidy of at least 10,000 pesos to 'the prisoner in the Vatican.' The direction of the national schools is given up to the order of 'the Brothers of Christian Education,' in order that the youth of the country may grow up with orthodox ideas not only of religion, but also of politics and morality, and 'to prevent the remainder of the population from being misled on such subjects, the press, as the representative of individual liberty of opinion, is completely fettered.' Besides a few insignificant and tame religious papers, there is but one leading paper, *El Nacional*, which contains the official decrees and gives explanations of them. The importation of foreign books is strictly prohibited, and all books and pamphlets published in the country are subject to a severe censorship."

This is the system of Dr. FRANCIA, once dictator of Paraguay, over again. It is the outcome of Jesuitism all the world over, wherever Jesuitism has the opportunity of working out its principles to their complete results.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

GOSSIP concerning social and literary affairs in Rome comes floating across the waters from time to time, which becomes of more general interest when disentangled from the web of political and religious dissensions by which it is surrounded.

Society is not dull in Rome this winter, although the season commenced under unfavorable auspices, resulting from commercial distress and dread of the cholera. There are both public and private entertainments—grand state dinners at the Quirinal, the popular weekly receptions of the Princess Margaret; and Lady Paget, the British minister's wife, gives frequent dinner and evening parties. Yet almost necessarily, from the existing state of affairs, Roman society is divided against itself, and there is little social intercourse between opposing political and religious sects.

Early in January of this year a college for young women was opened in Rome under the direction of Madame Erminia Fua Fusinato. The rooms of the new institution are airy and convenient. At present but few young girls are prepared to commence the advanced studies of the course; but Madame Fusinato has promptly gathered them into preparatory classes.

The funeral of Madame Parepa-Rosa occurred on January 26. The remains were interred in Highgate Cemetery. The heavy oaken coffin—on which the words "Euphrosyne Parepa-Rosa; born May 7, 1836; died January 1, 1874," were inscribed—was, on being lowered into the grave, covered with rare and costly flowers, among which was a beautiful wreath of camellias, azaleas, and violets, sent as a special tribute from the opera company with whose provincial career the name of Rosa has been identified.

Monasteries and convents in Rome are being turned to new purposes this season. Some of the kitchens belonging to the monks of the former convents of the Carmina, consisting of fifty large apartments, have been transformed into soup-kitchens for the needy. Victor Emanuel contributes largely to their support.

On the day of the Duke of Edinburgh's marriage an act of Parliament, passed last August, became a law. This was that an additional allowance of £10,000 should be given him, making, with his previous annuity, £25,000 a year. By this act, also, the Grand Duchess will have an annuity of £6000 in the event of surviving her husband.

The residents of that portion of our great metropolis formerly known as West Farms earnestly desire to have a public park in their vicinity. It is suggested that a piece of land, comprising about thirty acres, lying north of the village of West Farms, and which, through the courtesy of its owner, has been used much as a pleasure-ground, might be reasonably procured, and would make a picturesque park.

Additions are frequently made to the re-celebrations of wedding occasions. The following, so far as we know, is the latest revised and improved list: Three days, sugar; sixty days, vinegar; first anniversary, iron; fifth anniversary, wooden; tenth anniversary, tin; fifteenth anniversary, crystal; twentieth anniversary, china; twenty-fifth anniversary, silver; thirtieth anniversary, cotton; thirty-fifth anniversary, linen; fortieth anniversary, woolen; forty-fifth anniversary, silk; fiftieth anniversary, golden; seventy-fifth anniversary, diamond.

The winter exhibition of the American Society of Painters in Water-Colors has attracted much attention, and the collection is regarded as unusually excellent. There is evidently a growing interest in this department of art, as the extent of the exhibition, the gratification of visitors, and the sale of pictures indicate. While foreign artists are represented, the tone of the whole collection is characteristically American. In connection with the increased favor with which water-colors are regarded in this country, it may be mentioned that the Artists' Club, in the Place Vendôme, Paris, has made an important innovation in its annual winter show of pictures. Its collection, now open, consists of water-colors only. It is small, numerically, but contains many specimens admirably executed, and worthy of close study.

The Siamese Twins seem to have no rest even in death. The discussions concerning the disposition of their bodies, and the manner in which all details concerning the autopsy were to be conducted, have become almost painful to the common public, however important and interesting to scientific persons.

The father of Florence Nightingale recently died at his residence in Hampshire, England, aged eighty. His paternal name was Shore, but he assumed the name of Nightingale after his maternal granduncle, whose estates he inherited. He had two daughters—Parthenope, the wife of Sir Harry Verney, M.P., and Florence, so called from the place of her birth, in Italy.

A curious document was lately read before the Circolo Filologico in Florence. It was a translation of a Japanese description of Yokohama, with a detailed account of the manners and customs of the resident foreigners. The writer states, among other things, that the foreigners, although good men of business and excellent horsemen, entirely neglect that philosophical and literary culture so much esteemed by his own countrymen. He is kind enough to add that they are as clean in their persons as the Japanese. Jealousy, he says, is an unknown passion among them, and so much affection subsists between man and wife that it is quite a common occurrence to see a European married couple walking arm in arm in public.

The *Court Journal* informs us that on the occasion of the marriage of the Grand Duchess Marie, the illuminations in St. Petersburg were not of surpassing brilliancy, though effective. Long lines of lights twinkled from the windows of the great Admiralty façade, and colored lamps were hung from the slender spire; the British Embassy blazed, as was fit and proper; for a great part of its length the Nevskoi was very brilliant; and most of the windows of private houses were lighted. The great square in front of the Winter Palace was crowded with people waiting to see the bride and bridegroom go away for their honey-moon—a barbarous custom in the eyes of Russian folk.

SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

THE subject of the decrease of lobsters on the North Atlantic coast has excited much apprehension of late, especially in view of the demand for this crustacean for canning. Concerted measures are now being taken by parties interested, both in the New England States and in the provinces, to regulate the capture of lobsters by limiting the size of those that may be taken and disposed of, or by a prohibition of the capture of females for a part or the whole of the season, or by the establishment of a period of close time, during which none may be captured. A favorite restriction is that of weight, the limit of a pound and a half being proposed. As, however, the lobsters in some parts of the country scarcely reach that weight, even at an advanced age, proper care must be taken not to have too large a minimum.

So great has become the decrease of lobsters on the coast of Massachusetts and Maine that the canning establishments in those States find it almost impossible to obtain a supply, and they have been compelled to resort to the waters of the Dominion for this purpose. It has been estimated that during the year 1873 not less than 20,000 tons were captured in the Dominion waters, a large portion being exported to the United States.

It may not be known generally that on the 7th of July, 1873, an order was issued by the Governor-General providing that "in the provinces of Quebec, Nova Scotia, and New Brunswick no person shall at any time fish for, catch, kill, buy, sell, or have in possession any soft-shell lobsters, or female lobsters with eggs attached; *nor shall lobsters of a less weight than one and a half pounds* be at any time fished for, caught, killed, bought, sold, or had in possession; but when caught by accident in nets or other fishing apparatus lawfully used for other fish, young lobsters of less weight than one pound and a half shall be liberated alive at the risk and cost of the owner of the net or apparatus, or by the occupier of the fishery, on whom in every case shall devolve the proof of such actual liberation."

The death, from heart-disease, of Professor I. F. HOLTON is announced as having taken place in Everett, Massachusetts, on the 25th of January. Professor HOLTON was well known as a botanist, having devoted many years to the study of the science. He visited South America with special reference to prosecuting his researches in this direction, and studying the relation between the physical geography and the vegetation of the Andes. His somewhat extended sojourn in that country enabled him to collect materials for a work, which was published after his return by HARPER & BROTHERS, and is frequently quoted by botanists.

A resolution has lately been introduced before the State Board of Agriculture of Illinois recommending the stocking of the waters of the State with useful food fishes, and requesting the Legislature to appoint a Board of Commissioners of Fisheries. It is much to be hoped that the Legislature may accede to this proposition, and appoint a board of competent gentlemen to co-operate with the Commissioners of the other States and with the United States Fish Commissioner in a general system of supply. Few States have greater interest in this question than Illinois, in view of its proximity to Lake Michigan, and of the large number of streams within its borders suitable for the introduction of the California salmon, the shad, and other species.

Dr. HENRY DRAPER, of the New York University, communicates the highly valuable results obtained by himself in attempting to photograph the diffraction spectrum of the solar light. The photographs published by him are of remarkable clearness, and must be considered as an important advance over the spectra that have hitherto been drawn by the hand alone. In the finest maps drawn by hand, such as those of ANGSTRÖM, the relative intensity and shading of the lines are but partially represented, and a most laborious and painstaking series of observations and calculations is necessary in order to secure approximately correct positions of the multitude of FRAUNHOFER lines. Thus, for instance, ANGSTRÖM, in a certain portion of his spectrum, shows 118 lines, while DRAPER's photograph gives 293. The diffraction plate used by Dr. DRAPER was prepared for him by Mr. L. M. RUTHERFORD, by a machine devised and constructed by that well-known amateur. It consists of a plain glass surface, a portion of which equal to about one square inch is ruled with a fine diamond point with 6481 lines to the inch. Owing to the fineness of details brought out by Draper's photographs, he is justified in the statement that the exact composition of even a part of the spectrum of any metal will not be known until we have obtained photographs of each on a large scale.

The Academy of Sciences of Paris has lately elected Mr. Angström as a correspondent in the section of physics in place of Mr. Hansteen, and Mr. M. F. Billet as a correspondent, also in the section of physics, in place of Mr. Wheatstone, elected a foreign member.

Herr Von dem Borne writes to the *Deutsche Fischerei-Verein*, in Berlin, that he is at present occupied upon an exhaustive treatise upon the most recent and best methods and implements of fishing with the hook and line, especially as used in England and North America, and is desirous of receiving information on these subjects from dealers and others, to be embodied in his proposed work.

A memoir by Mr. Charles Horetzky on the country northwest of Canada contains a sketch of a portion of the great region recently under the control of the Hudson Bay Company, and has special reference to the route of the Canadian Pacific Railway. Mr. Horetzky is of the opinion that the region surveyed is eminently suited to the construction of this great enterprise, and that the grades and the climate are such as to furnish a very favorable comparison with any lines within the United States.

A catalogue of the birds of America south of the United States has lately been completed by Messrs. Sclater and Salvin, under the title of *Index Avium Neotropicalium*, and embraces a total of 3565 species. The species peculiar to North America north of Mexico, and thus omitted by the authors, if added to the number given would bring the whole nearly to 4000 species of birds as belonging to the New World.

At the end of the list the authors give descriptions of thirty-one species included therein previously undescribed, and the work itself is simply the forerunner of a much more extensive memoir, which is to embrace full descriptions of genera and species, and to bear the title, *Index Avium Americanorum.*

Dr. Day, in his work upon the fisheries of India, mentions the crocodile as one of the principal agencies in the destruction of the fish of that country, which is so potent, indeed, in some localities as almost to depopulate the waters. These animals are frequently found in the irrigation canals, where they establish themselves below the locks in the pools stocked with fish, where the number devoured by one crocodile in a single day is almost incredible.

The establishment of a station in the island of Rodriguez for the observation of the transit of Venus will probably be utilized by the British expedition by the prosecution of researches into the extinct birds of the island. *Nature* remarks that, as a general rule, oceanic islands lying at a great distance from the continents are volcanic in their origin, and that the Seychelles and Rodriguez are almost the only exceptions to the rule, the latter island being composed, it is said, of granite overlaid with limestone and other recent rocks. A rich field of research for the discovery of extinct animals is therefore expected. Already a complete skeleton of *Pezophaps solitaria*, a bird allied to the dodo, has been obtained from a cave in the limestone rocks, and ample material in regard to other species is believed to be extant on the island.

Kerguelen Land, also, an island one hundred miles long and fifty broad, although containing very few land plants, is thought likely to yield a rich harvest in animal forms, certainly recent, if not fossil. Very little is known of it, and much is expected as the result of careful examination.

Nature concludes by expressing the opinion that it will be difficult to find two spots on the earth's surface where biological research is more likely to lead to satisfactory results than in the case of those just mentioned.

THROUGH THE BREAKERS.

I.

We were sisters only by adoption; yet I know that the love between us, in those old days, was as great as it could have been if the mothers, of whom only sweet memories were left us, had been one, and as if my father had been Elsie's father too, instead of having pitifully adopted the orphan child, and brought her from a poor and loveless life to share our easeful home. I suppose I always knew that he could never grow to love her just as he loved his own child; yet even if I had felt he did so, I should only have rejoiced. I am speaking now of the old times, and speaking, too, when I can see those old times lying in the full sunlight of the unsuspicious love we bore each other. We two adopted sisters were a strong contrast. Elsie was a bright, light-hearted girl, with a sunny prettiness, and a happy smile forever rippling on her lips and sparkling in her eyes. We were the same age within a year, yet I always felt much the elder, for my nature was silent and concentrated, dreamy to a fault, and steadfast—so steadfast that if I had had one aim to pursue, however hopeless, I should have pursued it silently to my death. Yet under my quietness I knew, even then, that there slept a passionate intensity of feeling which gave me one power greater than Elsie possessed, the power of suffering. She won love and friendship, while I stood isolated, with only her love and my father's to encircle me. She won admiration and esteem from all, and I knew that this was well, because suffering to her was weakening as illness; under it she lay passive and helpless, while I met it as I would meet a sorrowful friend, and made my step firm and my heart strong to support it. But all this was in the old times, before she won (easily as she won all else) the only love which could have gladdened me, and before that chill gray cloud dropped down between us.

He did not live with us at first, but my father, when his own health failed, persuaded his young partner (to whom the mills would entirely belong after his death) to come and live with us in our great house upon the hill, at the foot of which the mills lay. So Horace Capon came, and the whole active management of the mills fell into his hands; and although he was a young man, my father felt the utmost confidence in him. The master was safe in relying on Mr. Capon, the men would sometimes say to us when we wandered, as we liked to do, over the busy noisy mills; he *was* one to be trusted. We used to smile at the expression, which seemed to them to mean so much; and when Horace would join us from the offices, what wonder was it if we saw a new power in his handsome face and in his tone of genial yet irresistible authority? And could we warn each other of the feeling which was growing equally in both our hearts? Could we always remember that for one of us this feeling must end in bitter and humiliating pain? It was to me that the pain came at last, very gradually, because it took me such a long, long time to believe it after it was told, yet very suddenly, because I had forgotten, as I said, that this love for Horace, which was growing equally in both our hearts, *must* end for one of us in bitter and humiliating pain. He had always treated us alike, coming home to us in the evenings, bringing a new element of strength and gayety, interesting us no less than my father, and amusing and brightening my father no less than us. There was more laughter when he chatted with Elsie, but more earnestness when he talked with me. If he sang oftener with Elsie, he rode oftener with me; and if he fell beside Elsie oftener when we walked together, it was beside my chair that he would draw his own when he read aloud to us at night. And so the months sped on most happily for us, so equally loved and cared for that what wonder was it, as I said, that we forgot how this must end in a bitter humiliating pain for one?

I forget how it was that there first dawned on me the knowledge of one of my father's motives in having Horace Capon to live now in the house which he was eventually to occupy as master of the mills. I think he told me himself one day, saying that Horace was even now as a son to him, the one man in all the world to whom he could most willingly give his daughter, and adding that he knew Elsie would always find a happy home with us. I listened quietly until the loving plan was all unfolded; then I went away and sat alone for hours, thinking of it, my cheeks burning even in my solitude, and my heart beating rapidly. What a future that was to dream of! From that hour, when my dreams lost their vagueness, and this one lay marked out in brightest hues before me, I was conscious of a new shyness in my manner to Horace—a timidity quite new to me, yet the most natural result of that dream which was buried now so deeply and so fixedly in my heart. I thought Elsie was too thoroughly wrapped up in her own bright thoughts to notice this, yet I knew that our love for each other then was true and unsuspicious. But the day came at last when, after one flash of nameless pain, that cloud fell slowly and heavily down between us.

I had found Elsie sitting in the morning sunshine, watching Horace; so I stood above her, watching too, in silence. He turned at the gate for a moment, to raise his hat with a smile, then hurried on down the hill, and disappeared through one of the great doors of the mills. Elsie rose then, but I was dreaming still, just as I had stood, a little way back from the window, my eyes upon the spot where Horace disappeared.

"Margaret," said Elsie, softly, pausing as she faced me, "your eyes look warm and glad now; and—because Horace could not see—you answered his smile with one as bright as his. Then why have you been cold to him and distant?"

"Cold!" I echoed, in a whisper, and I could not bring my eyes back to her face. "Elsie dear, you do not understand."

She had both her hands upon my shoulders now, and her eyes were reading mine eagerly—ah, with such pained and breathless eagerness.

"Oh, Margaret," she cried, catching her breath in a great tearless sob, "tell me I am wrong! Say that I can not read *that* in your face! Oh no, no, no! it is not *that!*"

I put one arm around her, wondering that she should be so moved to read the secret which I must have guarded so much better than she had guarded hers.

"Elsie dear," I said, laying my cheek upon her bright bent head, "there was nothing in my face which need have given you this sudden pain."

"Oh yes," she cried; "oh, Margaret, yes—I saw."

She was weeping sorely, there with her eyes hidden on my breast, and her trembling fingers clasping me even to pain.

"Elsie, what grieves you so?" I asked. "I can not understand it."

"I—I must tell you, Margaret," she sobbed, keeping her face still hidden—"I must tell you; but—I never guessed—"

"Tell me," I whispered, fondly, when she paused.

"Horace—Horace says"—she was uttering the words very rapidly below her breath, and with her head drooping so upon my breast that it was not easy to hear them—"Horace says—I mean he asked me—only yesterday—only yesterday, to be—his wife! Oh, Margaret, I love him more than all the world; and yet I wish—I wish—"

I think I put her gently from me, and made a feint of smiling; and I think that, groping blindly in my great misery, I spent that day just as I had spent other days which had been crowned with love and hope and pleasure. I think that I gave Horace my hand that night, and told him he would be very happy with Elsie; and I think that it was only Elsie who cried when we bade each other good-night. But I am not sure—I am sure of nothing, save the anguished aching of my heart and head, and how, when that had been mine for many, many days, a great lonely coldness came and wrapped itself about my heart.

It was a happy and unruffled courtship, that of Horace's. My father gave his free consent to the marriage, and breathed no word of that disappointed plan of his; and my father's men, who all loved Elsie for her bright face and winning ways, made her young lover's heart rejoice with their praises of the wife whom he had chosen. And day by day it was my lot to watch this happy courtship, living entirely apart in my own inward life, and growing day by day more silent and more cold. But I felt that they would not notice this; it could not pain *them*, so closely were they bound now in each other. When Horace came home, of what value was my presence to Elsie?—though until then she had liked to linger with me. When Elsie was near, what thought of Horace's would stray to me? Ah, what a bitter, solitary time it was, and what hopeless and despairing thoughts possessed me! Why had he been given to her? His love was all the world to me; and she could have been made happy with other love, and would have turned brightly to accept another life. Sometimes I told myself that if he had loved me best, only for one day, I would have made it grow to such a strong and all-engrossing love that it could never change—a love beside which this happy and untroubled affection that he bore to Elsie would be a shadow only—*if* only the love had once been there to take root.

Never could he guess at any of these dreams which haunted me, but I noticed that he often now looked at me with a new and curious intentness, which warned me that this hidden, selfish pain was changing even my outward self. It must have been this change which prompted them to plan for Elsie and me to travel to the sea-side, and stay there until the summer waned.

If they had let me go alone—there or any where—I thought I might have gained health and strength and better thoughts; but Elsie would not leave me. The days had been hard enough to bear at home, but they were harder here. If I had been left to sit alone in silence on the cliffs, I could have loved, perhaps, instead of chafing at, the lonely, solemn sympathy of the sea; but Elsie seemed always near me, talking of home and Horace, until I nearly—ah, so very, very nearly—grew to hate her very presence, dreading every word that her bright voice should utter, and wearying utterly of her smiling face. Left alone with her, and hearing her constantly speak of Horace in that tone of confident, child-like happiness, it could not be but that I soon must hate her in my heart.

II.

My father and Horace were to be with us in the afternoon, and in the morning Elsie and I went out to bathe together. There was no sunshine on the sea, but the water was fresh and full of motion, just as we liked it; so we laughed when we were told that there was danger of a sudden squall that day; that very few ladies had ventured out, and even they were returning now.

"Not that there's any danger, miss," the man said, as he hooked his horse's harness to the caravan which I had chosen; "only don't you think you'd better take one of the women with you?"

"We are not afraid; are we, Margaret?" smiled Elsie; "and we help each other quite enough."

Then she gave orders for her own machine to be wheeled close to mine in the sea, and ran up the steps with a smile and nod at me.

How well I remember the look of the sea that day as I stepped into it, and Elsie came up to me with her dancing step and laughing eyes! So gray and sombre the water was, so wide and restless—so wide, so secret, and so safe! I shook away Elsie's clinging hands.

"Why do you hold *me?*" I cried. "Go away; do not come so close to me again."

"No, no; give me your hands, Margaret," she said, rising merrily, and shaking back her hair, after the noisy wave had passed over us and left us free to speak again. "Do you forget that they feared a sudden gust? We shall be all right if we are hand in hand."

"We are quite safe so, and it is pleasanter," I said, and threw myself beneath the water, trying hard to drown the happy sound of Elsie's laughter.

How wide and secret the sea was! and what a little thing she looked there, battling merrily with its waters, so strong against her little shielding hands! And what a horrible longing possessed me, yet what an overmastering fear! Fear of what?—fear of the waters which I loved?—fear of Elsie's tiny power? Ah, no: what fear I had was fear of myself.

We were standing quite still, telling each other how calm the sea had grown all in a minute, and still with that distance between us, which I had kept so carefully, when the squall came. A sudden violent rush of wind swept across the waters toward the shore; the waves reared themselves above us, then swooped down and dashed us helplessly upon the sand.

"Margaret! Margaret!"—I could hear Elsie's call as the great wave rolled on—"your hands!—hold me, hold me!"

I fought my way to her, and took her hands; then I looked wildly round. The bathing-machines seemed to be miles away from us now, and one was thrown upon its side by that strong rush of wind and water. If we could reach it, we might support ourselves, perhaps, until help came. The shore looked like another world to my hot, anguished eyes, so far away! so far away! What was this singing in my ears? Was it the water still? I was strong and fearless now; no wave, however fierce and strong, would swallow me. The water was but shallow, after all—unless we fell.

"Oh, Margaret, take me in your arms—my breath is going! You are so strong and calm! Don't leave me, Margaret!"

Calm! There was such a tempest in my heart that this tempest on the waters was as nothing to it.

"Margaret, where have the waves carried us? Oh, we are lost, we are lost! Help me, Margaret!"

I put my arms about her—this girl who had won from me all that made life precious—and I held her closely, very closely. She looked up from my arms, her eyes eagerly seeking comfort from mine, her lips parted for the question to come panting forth,

"Shall we be lost?"

Then, as if she had read a hopeless answer in my face, a piercing cry went up among the clouds,

"Oh, Horace! Horace!"

More closely still I held her now, but held her where the waters must pass over her in their rush. My lips were tight and firm, my eyes upon that second mighty wave that came so fiercely to ingulf us.

"I am holding you, Elsie! Close your eyes, for it is coming!"

Bent and frail, she stood in my embrace, with her eyes closed, while the huge wave, which I could calmly stand and watch, came rolling on behind her. Then I held her down, firmly and steadily, beneath the water, battling the while for my own life and breath. When at last the sea grew calm again, and we were tossed no longer at its wild strong will, I had still my hands upon her shoulders, and under the waters I could see a white dead face. And my strength had not failed me even yet, for I was holding her so, when they found us, and lifted us together, whispering eagerly that one was living, but that the other had been for a long time dead.

III.

I did not see Horace for a long time, so that when at last they let me see him, the first bitterness of his grief was past. He asked me many things about that day, and I told him all—save the terrible truth that I had killed her. I told him how Elsie had clung to me in her fear when that awful wind swept so suddenly across the sea; but how she had grown so weak at last and despairing that she fell with the second wave, and never rose again. He sat beside me while I told him this, and then it seemed to grow natural to him to sit beside me; and at last I—watching his face—saw its sorrow fade, and the old look of content return to it. At first it was in silence that he sat beside me, and this silence I could understand and share; but gradually he would win me on to talk to him, and his eyes would brighten as he listened. So we grew dear friends again, dearer than we had ever been; and I forgot that white drowned face which lay now, side by side with my own mother, under the old cedar in our church-yard on the hill.

One night we had strolled there together to lay some autumn blossoms on the grave; and so long he lingered there in perfect silence that all my fears and my despair came back to me in overwhelming force. He had forgotten me! Before his grave eyes was the bright childish face of her who had won his first love. He was wishing *she* had been saved and I lost. Why had he brought me here where I could see the white drowned face, just as I saw it look when I held it still below the waters, after the angry death had passed? Should I be obliged to see it thus before me all my life?

Silently, as we had stood there, we turned from the grave side by side; then suddenly Horace clasped me in his arms and kissed me. So tenderly, and yet so passionately, he kissed me, under the quiet stars, that at that moment I knew I had won what I had so long craved for vainly. He had learned to give me a stronger and more fervent love than he had ever given to Elsie.

IV.

Horace and I had been married nearly a year, and this was Christmas-eve. My husband had been away for two or three days, but I knew he would return for Christmas-day, and so I sat waiting for him. Always I longed for his return when he had left me, but hardly ever so intensely as I longed for it this night. The wind was blowing fitfully, now rising in sudden gusts which brought back to me that horrible morning in the sea, and now lying lulled and calm as it had been upon that autumn night when Horace and I had stood beside Elsie's grave in that strange silence which he broke at last to tell me with what strength and tenderness he loved me.

So strangely nervous and so timid I had grown than when I heard my husband's step at last I ran to meet him just as if he came as a deliverer.

"Frightened, my darling?" he questioned, tenderly, as he led me back into the lighted room. "Tempestuous, is not it? but so beautiful out-of-doors. The moon is full, and the sky exquisite. Have you been out at all to-day?"

"No, Horace."

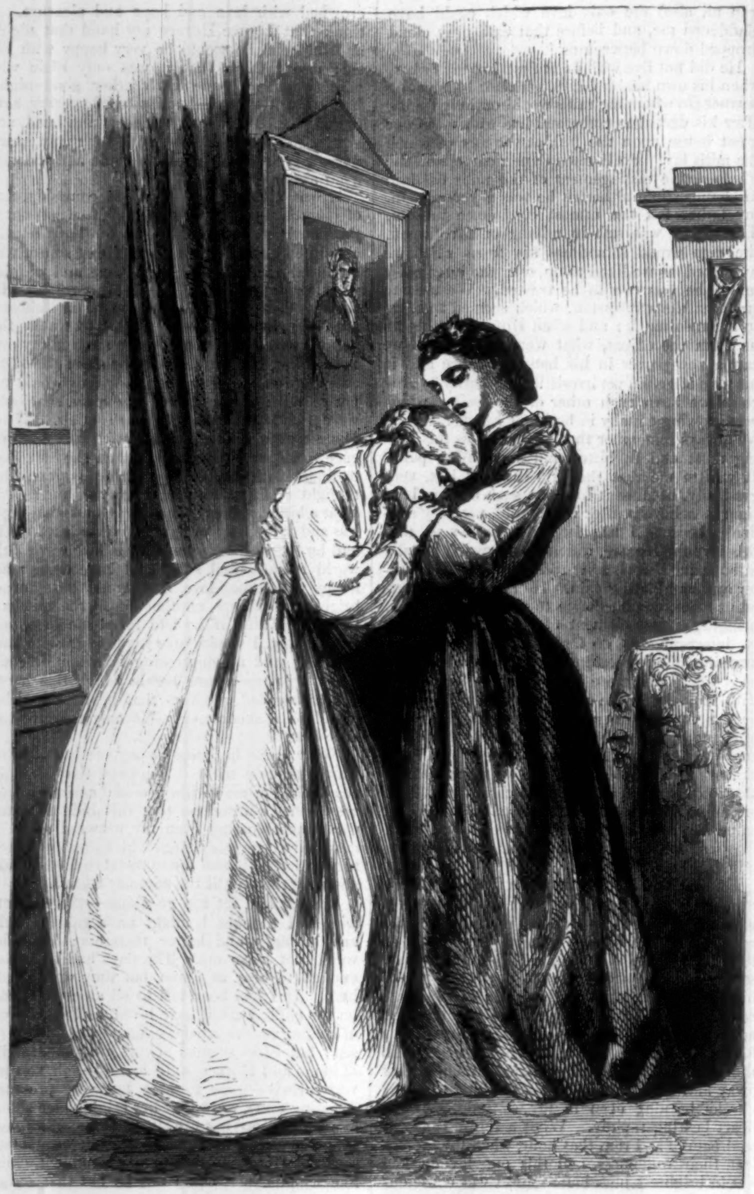
"Then when dinner is over I will take you. It will do you good, if you will put on plenty of furs, and it will do me good too to have you walking at my side again. You are not afraid of this wind, my darling?"

"No."

"And I love it. Ah, how good it is to be home with you again, my wife!"

"Do you miss me when we are apart, then, Horace?"

I asked it eagerly, yet I knew well that the time *had* come of which I used to dream. He



"'I MUST TELL YOU, MARGARET,' SHE SOBBED."

lavished on me now far more intensity of affection than he had ever given to his first love.

"Miss you!" he echoed, folding me within his arms and laying his lips most tenderly on mine. "There is no minute in any hour of my absence in which I do *not* miss you, darling, and if I tried to say how much, I should but fail."

"Because you love me so, Horace?"

"Because I love you so, my cherished wife."

"You never loved any one before as you love me?"

"I never have—I never can—love any one as I love you, my own beloved."

I knew it so well, but still I loved to hear him say it.

The moon was riding gloriously through the frosty sky when we started out together. Horace had himself fastened the soft furs about my neck, kissing me as he did so, and my heart beat joyously and proudly as I leaned on his strong arm, and felt that I was very precious to him.

So earnestly and happily were we talking, so perfect was the beauty of the night, that I had not noticed where we were going until we stopped before a gate I knew, and Horace bent to open it.

"We have wandered here almost unconsciously, my darling," he said, "but we will go in and stand a moment in the quietness beside Elsie's grave. In our own intense happiness we would not forget her upon this beautiful Christmas-night; and it is her birthday, too, you remember, Margaret."

I shrank aside, and whispered, "Not to-night—not on Christmas-night—not on her birthday;" but Horace gently led me on, until we stood once more together beside that great square stone beneath the cedar. It was very chill and gloomy there, and I crept closer to my husband's side: very chill and very gloomy, even with his strong protecting arm around me. Why had he brought me here, when we had both learned to forget, and had grown so happy? If he would but speak, if he would but talk to me, and chase away these haunting memories which had not visited me since, in this very spot, he had told me how he loved me! If he would only tell me so again—loudly, that the words might drown this moaning in my ears, this rushing of the sea about my head, this cry of a faint and dying voice! Why had he breathed her name at all to-night, and raised this awful memory?

"Oh, Horace, Horace, see the white dead face!"

My cry had not broken his long silence, so I knew it was uttered only in my heart. I looked up eagerly, that the glance of his kind eyes might give me courage; but that drowned face had come between us.

"Oh, Horace," I cried, groping with my hands, "take it away! take it away! She would have you save her, and let me go!"

"Margaret, my darling, are you ill?"

I heard the question in my husband's soft, kind tones, but there was something else I heard far more distinctly.

"Listen!" I cried, turning to face the blast of wind which came sweeping over the valley below—"listen! listen!"

I waited for its coming with my arms outstretched, and when the storm had passed, and left me standing so, I fancied death had spared me once again, as it had done at sea, and I knew why. That story was to be told to Horace, here, by the grave where the voices moaned, now, before that second gust came sweeping by which had brought death before, and might bring death again. The white dead face beneath that stone cried out for justice now; the voices of the wind and sea cried out aloud their accusation. I had a task to do in the lull of that great storm, and I must do it. I drew away from my husband's side, and stood opposite him in the shadow of the cedar, my eyes fixed steadily upon him, and my words slow and clear.

Quite still he stood to listen, while I told him all; quite still, until I had finished; then, after an utter terrible pause, he fell on his knees beside the stone, and hid his face upon it. I did not speak or move until he rose, after a long, long time; then I eagerly and piteously scanned his face, that I might glean only a ray of hope. Even in the shadow—for he was leaning now against the tree—I could see how rigid and how coldly white his face had grown.

"Oh, Horace," I cried, falling on the grass before him, and appealing to him with my burning hands outstretched—"oh, my husband, all the sin there may have been *you* caused. If I had not loved you—"

Coldly and sternly he interrupted me, bidding me come away from beside that grave.

"Oh, Horace, take me back to your heart!" I pleaded. "Why did you bring me here? You would never have known if you had not brought me here to-night, and we should have been happy now—as we were before. Oh, Horace, I am the same Margaret whom you loved so dearly an hour ago—only a little hour ago—so dearly, you said; so dearly! *I* remember it; I remember every word. You missed me every minute of every hour of our separation, you said. Oh, Horace, remember that, and take me back. See how I have loved *you*. If you had—had even done what I have done, tempted by your love for me, I should have wept and prayed for pardon for you, and comforted you, I think, and clung to you and pitied you, but *never* ceased to love you—never, never! Oh, my husband, let it come slowly; love me a little—just a little—until I can bear its being taken all away!"

I pushed my hair away from my throbbing temples; something was burning in my head, and the noise the sea made in rushing over Elsie's face was deafening me—deafening and blinding me, for I could not see Horace now: nothing but a dark still shadow, and between it and me a girl with long wet hair and ashen cheeks.

"Oh, Horace, take me back! We can be happy still—we know it, we have proved it; you have often said it. You can forget this. *I* had forgotten until you brought me here to-night, and that wave came rolling to us and left her face. Horace, Horace!"—the words were an eager, hurried whisper now—"take me up, Horace! I am dying here—dying at her feet and yours—or—or am—I—mad?"

He raised me from the grass without a movement of his white and rigid face.

"I will take you to your home," he said, "and after that I wish that I may never look upon your face again."

"*Why*, Horace?" I whispered, with a vacant smile upon my parching lips. "We can not be separated—you and I; we are married, you know; they can not separate *us*."

"We are separated *now*," he answered, slowly; "separated utterly and forever."

"Oh no, Horace, no!" I cried, appealing to him once again with eager hands and eyes. "You will take me back? It was for your sake I did it, and you have loved me since, when I was just what I am now. You valued my love then. Ah, yes, I know you did, for that knowledge was my happiness, and *I* could not be deceived. You valued my love then; oh, take it now, my husband—my own husband, whom no one can take from me—when it is a hundred times more earnest than it has ever been before!"

I could see his face in the moonlight now, and I knew there was no hope for me.

"Horace!" I cried, with such a cry as might have reached to the cold dead around us—"Horace, forgive!"

Coldly he drew back from me, and then—I laughed, laughed loudly and shrilly there in the silence of the calm and beautiful night. But when I saw his stern white face grow colder still, I wondered why I had laughed.

"Nothing can separate us, Horace," I whispered, trying to fix my vacant gaze upon him, and smiling as I thought that my glad low whisper must comfort him. "Nothing can separate us now. Don't be frightened, Horace; you are my husband, and I will not leave you. Did you dream that I could be so cruel? I was not half so cruel to her as that would be."

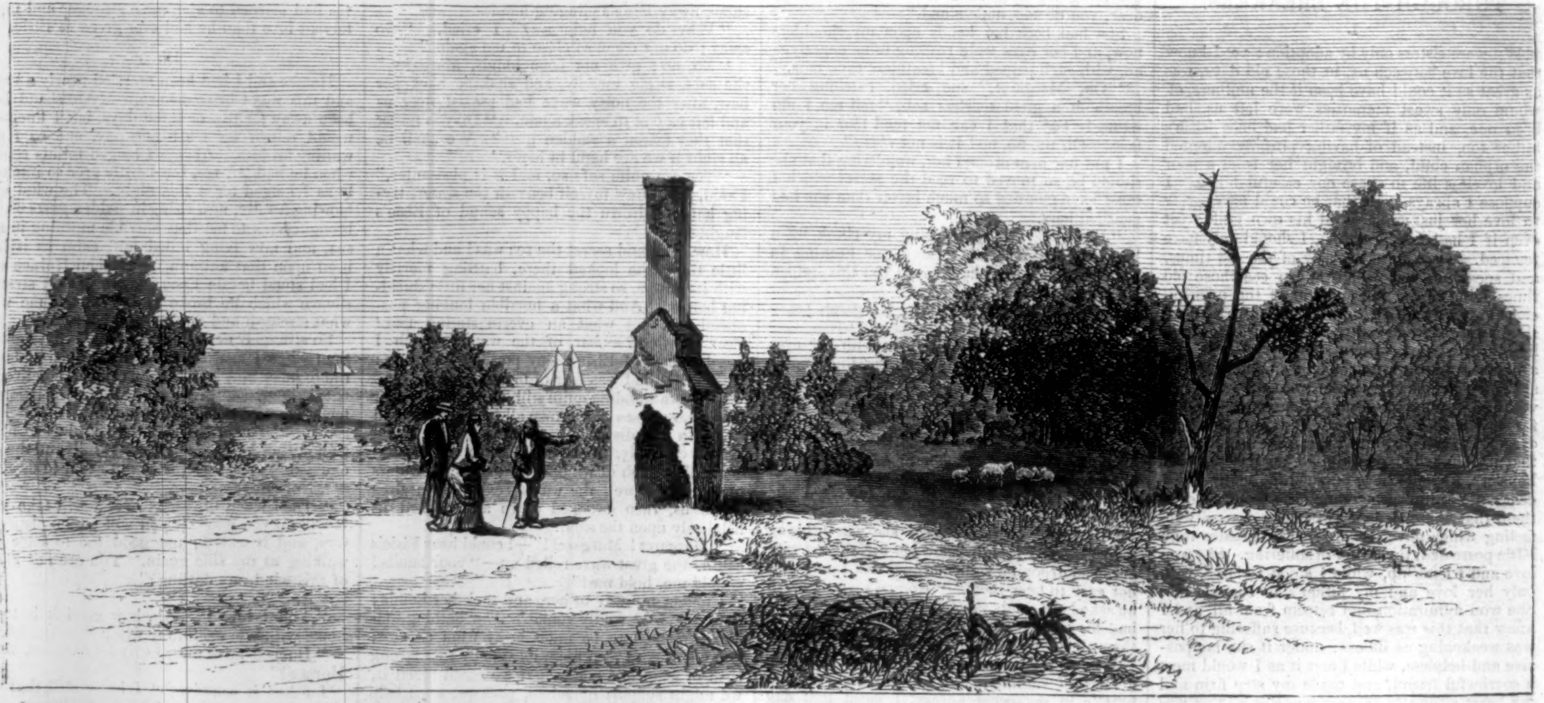
He turned from me, shuddering through all his frame, and then I knew that the love which had been my very life was dead forever. I saw in all its fullest, darkest horror the long anguish of the life to which he doomed me, and standing still, I took my burning head within my hands, and uttered shriek on shriek, until the silence of the winter night was all alive with sound, and the beauty of the moonlight vanished in a great black darkness.

V.

I have been very, very ill. I wake to the knowledge slowly, as I lie and listen to the hushed breath and softened footsteps in my room. I wake to it very, very slowly, dreaming a wonderful dream the while.

I am lying in my own room at home, and Elsie sits beside my bed, just as she did when I was ill once in the old past—so many years ago; and my father comes for tidings of his child, with his eyes dim and anxious, just as I used to see them in that far-back time. Horace is living with us, in this dream of mine, just as he did then; and he too waits for tidings, and comes to look upon me with a soft slow step. Ah, if this dream may last a little longer! because, when I awake, my husband's face will meet me stern and cold, as it must be through all the rest of my sin-shadowed life, and instead of this bright face beside my bed will be the memory of that drowned head I saw beneath the waters. It is far better to be dying and to dream this dream than grow quite strong and well and meet my misery again. It is such a beautiful, beautiful dream!

I am lying now under the beech upon the lawn, and the golden leaves fall softly on me one by one; very softly, as if they fell a long, long way—perhaps from heaven itself. The sky is bright and blue up there above them, and the sunlight creeps amidst their shelter to lay its warm sweet kiss upon my face. There are no fierce rushing storms of wind in this beautiful dream, and no driving waves. There is only peace and calm and sunshine, and the rare sweet fragrance of the autumn flowers I love. I dare not



THE BIRTH-PLACE OF WASHINGTON.—FROM A SKETCH MADE IN 1857.—[SEE PAGE 202.]

speak lest I should break my dream. I see my father standing against the golden beech, and watching me with the old look of love upon his face. Elsie is beside me still, as she has been all through this peaceful dream, and in her eyes is shining such a look of loving, pitiful compassion that I can not even trust myself to meet it, lest it should bring the tears, for tears would waken me. And now, across the lawn, comes Horace, his face the kind and pleasant face of long ago, the face I loved when I was innocent—*so* long ago! He comes up to me—softly, as they all come in this dream of mine—and I read the old friendship in his eyes, and something more; not hatred and contempt—ah, no!—but a great tenderness and a great compassion, and something that looks almost like awe. I remember the different face which I shall see when I awake, and silently I pray that it may be God's will I die before the waking comes.

My hands are very weak and thin and wasted, and when he takes one into his, and kneels beside my couch, I can see the pity and the fear which darken Elsie's eyes. My voice is low and failing, but at last they understand my question, reading it more from my eyes than from my lips, and Elsie answers it in a whisper, her warm lips touching my cheek and forehead between the words:

"No dream, my darling; no dream. We have you with us, and we are nursing you back to health again. If care and love—the truest, fondest love, my dear—can give you strength, then you will soon be your own self again."

So the words run in this summer dream of mine. I have no pain, only a great faintness. If I were a leaf upon the beech above me, at the first faint breath of wind I should fall just so—softly and slowly to the ground.

"Margaret," Elsie whispers, when her sweet face comes between those reddening leaves and my wide upturned eyes, "do you remember that day we were together in the sea, when the wind rose so suddenly? I want to tell you, oh, my dear, what the memory of that day has been to me."

I am awaking now—awaking with an icy shiver. In one moment my dream will be over—my beautiful summer dream.

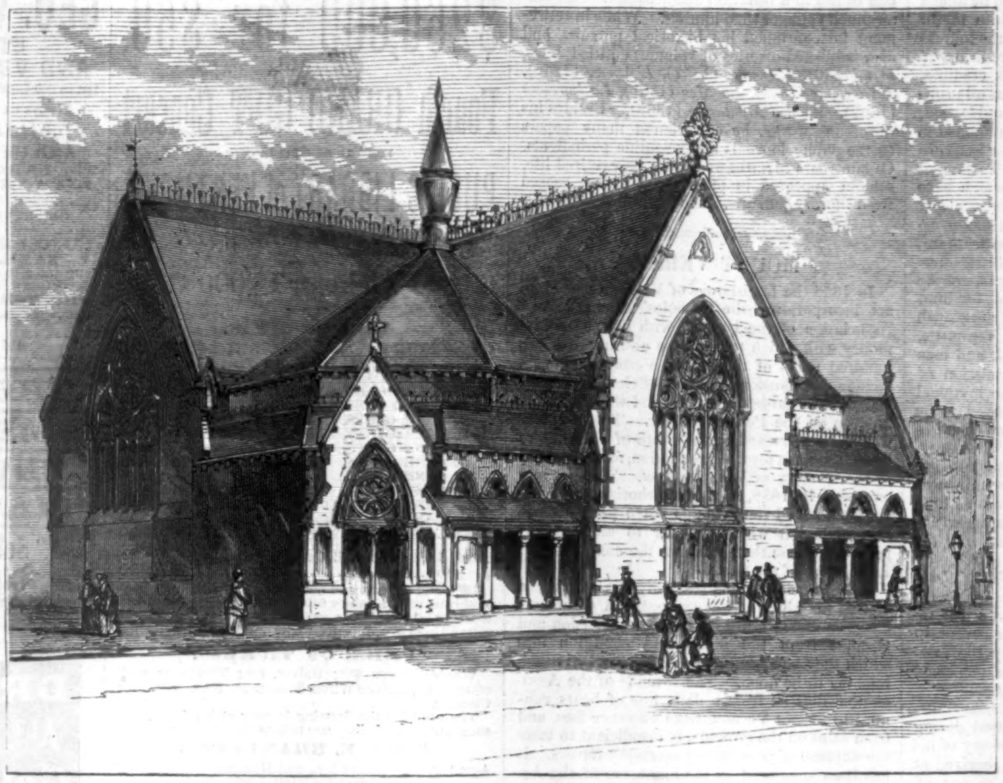
"Tell me slowly—slowly," I plead, my broken words most eager in their utter weakness. "No—let Horace tell; then I shall be—awake. Tell me all, Horace."

"It is too much to tell to-day," he whispers, wrapping a shawl about me tenderly, for he does not know that I lie shivering there because I know I am awaking. "How can I tell, in a few simple words, that brave, unselfish act of yours! How can I speak calmly, even yet, of how you saved my darling at the risk of your own life; of how, when she fainted and fell, you rescued her, and held her safe above the water until help came; then how *you* put her in safety, and—your strength all worn—sank down yourself, exhausted and unconscious; of how the fiercest wave of all came then, and we—we were barely in time to save you! How can I tell of this, and of our gratitude and love?"

Both their faces are near mine, full of the love he has just spoken of, and—is it the gratitude too? My eyes gather a little warmth and life from theirs. There is a feeling, utterly strange to me, upon my thin white lips—they are breaking into a smile.

"This is true, then? This is true, and the—the other was the dream?"

"All this is true, my darling; and we are true; and the sunshine and the flowers, they are all true. Every thing is true except those terrible delirious fancies which have been with you in your fever. *That* was the dream; but it has passed now, and all the fancies have passed. Ah, there is a little look of returning health at last, too. You are coming back to us from the gates of death. Oh, my dear, my dear, we shall be happy once again!"


THE BROOKLYN TABERNACLE.—[FROM A SKETCH BY THEO. R. DAVIS.]

THE BROOKLYN TABERNACLE.

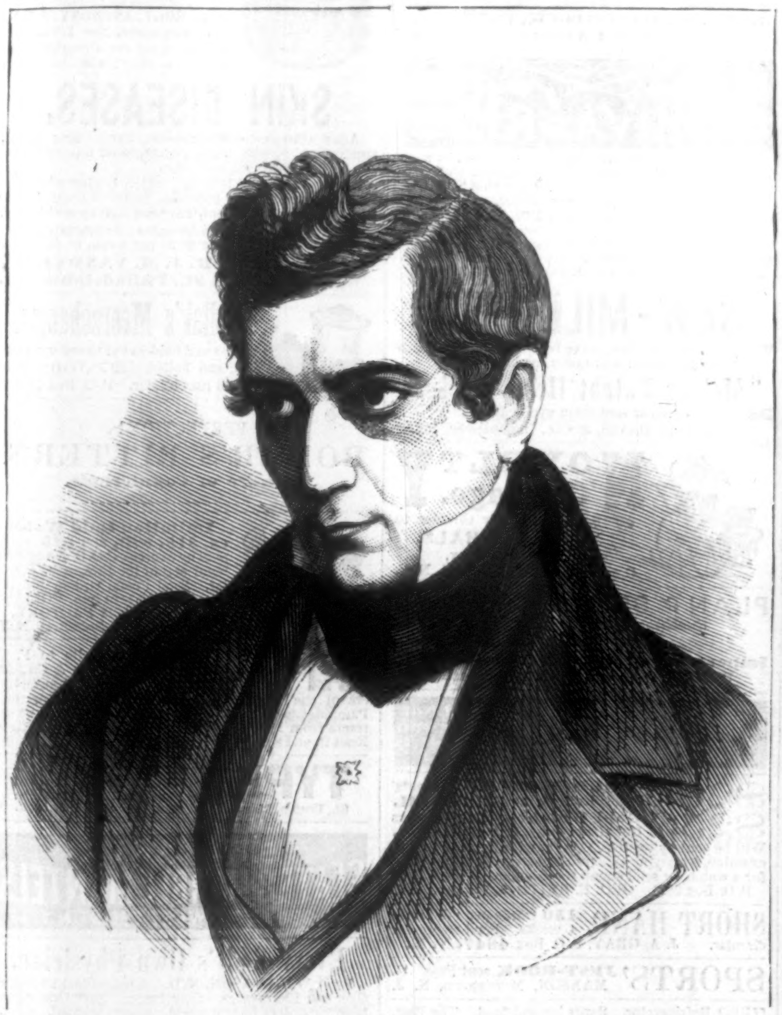
WHEN, nearly five years ago, the Rev. T. DE WITT TALMAGE, D.D., removed from Philadelphia to Brooklyn, the church which sought his services as pastor could bring together, for the purpose of making out a call, a meeting of only nineteen members. In a year from that time they built a large church, which they called "The Brooklyn Tabernacle." This edifice was destroyed by fire in December, 1872; another structure, much larger and more substantial, is now ready for dedication. The architect, Mr. JOHN WILD, has displayed great ability in designing and superintending the construction, at a very moderate cost, of a church edifice which is perhaps second to none in America in size and convenience. The building covers a plot of ground 150 by 112 feet. It makes but one audience-room, will seat 4600 people, and will hold about 5000.

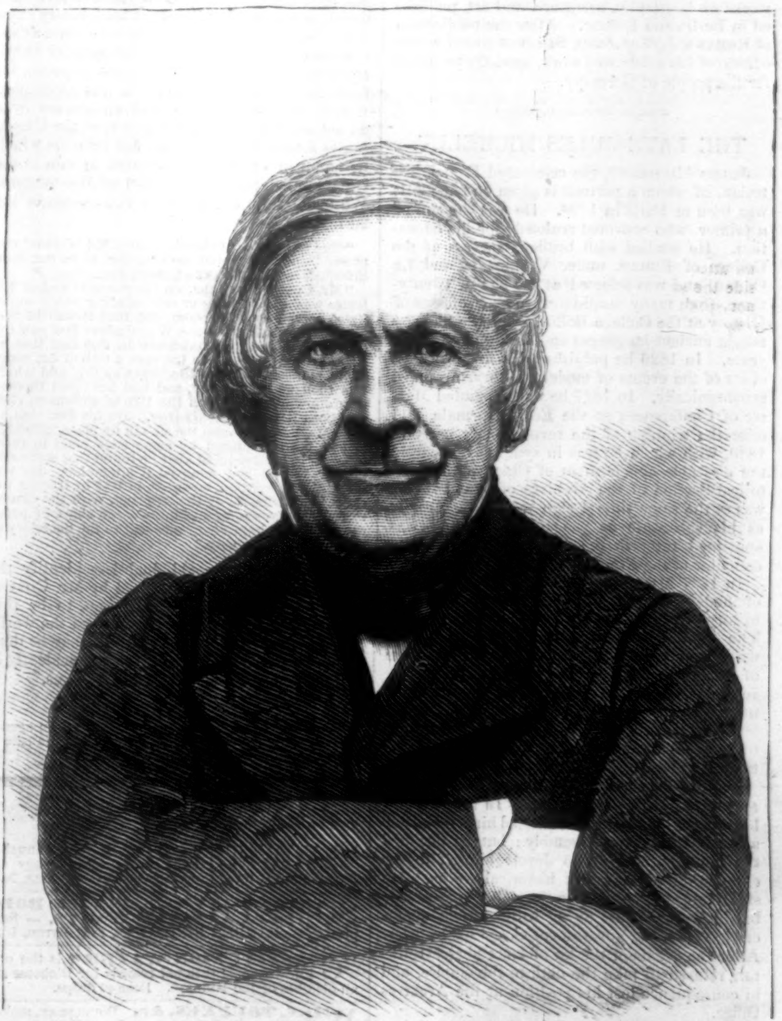
The auditorium is an amphitheatre in shape, with a descending floor toward the pulpit, and has a large gallery around the front and sides, made with its concentric seating and grade to conform to the lower floor. Angular porches in front give the most prominent entrances to the body of the church, and inclose double staircases to the gallery. A large central gable about ninety feet high to the top of the cross breaks forward as the most prominent feature of the front, having a very large six-light window, with most elaborate stone mouldings and tracery four feet in thickness. A double-storied colonnade runs between the central gable and the end porches, giving eight entrances to the ground-floor, with stairways from the centre of the gallery. Passageways on the sides of the church, which deliver from the ground-floor, have also other staircases from the ends of galleries. All the staircases are outside the main inclosing walls of the church, and the aggregate of the twenty-two well-distributed door outlets from the building amounts to seventy-five feet, so that the church will empty about as fast as the street can carry off the crowd. The main ceiling is perhaps the most beautiful feature of the whole building, the roof being a perfect marvel of constructive skill and design. The gallery front, of beautiful design, and richly decorated with tracing and carved ornaments, adds much to the interior effect. The recess in the chancel at the back of the pulpit is filled up by a noble organ, made by the Messrs. JARDINE. Every person in the audience can see and hear the minister from comfortably cushioned and carpeted pews. The construction of the building in brick and stone is most substantial. All the window tracery being of stone, there is no outside wood-work excepting the entrance doors. It is well heated, and a most thorough system of ventilation will be developed. All the numerous windows are filled with beautiful stained glass, although there is a project to substitute a Sunday-school memorial in the large front window. The church will be magnificently lighted. Three large coronas and two smaller ones hang from the main ceiling, which, together with side brackets, give about one thousand lights to the auditorium.

The contracts were made in April and May, 1873; and notwithstanding the most unlooked-for hinderances and delsys, the church is now ready for occupancy. Three hundred persons, as a result of a recent religious interest, will connect themselves with the church at the first communion.

THE LATE DAVID FRIEDRICH STRAUSS.

THE death of DAVID FRIEDRICH STRAUSS, of whom a portrait is given on this page, revives the recollection of one of the most memorable theological contests of our century. In the year 1835


THE LATE DAVID FRIEDRICH STRAUSS.


THE LATE JULES MICHELET.—[SEE PAGE 202.]

he published his *Life of Jesus*, in which he aimed to resolve the entire gospel history into myth. The application of the critical spirit to the sources of ancient history had led to the discrediting of much that had once been accepted as credible, and finally to the general conclusion that all primitive records have their origin in myth and legend. It was not long before this theory was applied to the Hebrew Scriptures; it remained for **Strauss** to apply it to the gospels of the New Testament with a boldness and critical power which have made his *Life of Jesus* one of the most widely known books in modern literature. It was an essential part of his method to undertake the refutation of the supernatural and the rationalistic interpolations of the gospels, in order to prepare the way for the mythical. It was difficult for him, however, to establish the probability of the growth of myths in the age of **Augustus** and **Tiberius**, when writing was generally practiced, and men had ceased to depend for the transmission of knowledge upon oral tradition. The mythical theory, with all its brilliance, has proved to be wholly evanescent. **Olshausen**, whom **Strauss** had selected as the representative of the supernaturalists, and therefore the one interpreter to be confuted, still maintained his pre-eminence, while **Strauss**'s fame did not last even as long as his life. He had quite sunk into obscurity when his latest work, *The Old Faith and the New*, recalled him to public notice.

The English translation of the *Life of Jesus* was made by Miss **Evans**, since famous as a novelist under the name of "George Eliot." One of the most valuable of the answers to **Strauss** was the *Life of Christ*, by the celebrated German theologian, **Neander**, published in this country by **Harper & Brothers**.

Strauss was born in Würtemberg, near Stuttgart, in the year 1808, and had passed during the last month the sixty-sixth anniversary of his birth. His academic education was received at the University of Tübingen. At the age of twenty-four he became an instructor in the theological department of the university. The controversy which arose on the publication of his *Life of Jesus* resulted in his retirement from this post. In 1839 the Council of Instruction of the University of Zurich appointed **Strauss** Professor of Dogmatics and Church History to that institution. Considerable prejudice existed against **Strauss**, and an outcry was raised at his nomination to the chair of Church History, so much so, that he was soon compelled to resign the position to allay popular feeling.

During the revolution of 1848 **Strauss** entered the political arena, and was nominated a candidate for the German National Assembly; but his works had excited too much animosity among a certain class of the populace, and he was defeated. He was soon afterward elected from his native town to the Diet of Würtemberg, where, to the astonishment of every one, he took his place among the conservatives. His constituents were so displeased with his action that he was called on to resign.

Besides his theological works, **Strauss** wrote various works on biography, the most noted of which are, the *Life of Schubart, from His Letters* (accompanying the work is the correspondence of the poet); *Christian Maerklin; Life and Writings of Nicodemus Frischlin, Poet and Philologist; Ulrich von Hutten*, and various small works on biography, literature, and art, published in Berlin and Leipsic. After the publication of **Renan**'s *Life of Jesus*, **Strauss** issued a new edition of his celebrated work, specially prepared for the people of Germany.

THE LATE JULES MICHELET.

Jules Michelet, the celebrated French historian, of whom a portrait is given on page 201, was born at Paris in 1798. He was the son of a printer, who provided zealously for his education. He studied with brilliant success at the College of France, under **Villemain** and **Le Clerc**, and was selected at the age of twenty-three, from many candidates, to be Professor of History at the College Rollin, where he likewise taught ancient languages and philosophy for five years. In 1826 he published his first work—a chart of the events of modern history, arranged synchronically. In 1827 he was appointed Master of Conferences at the École Normale, and after the triumph of the revolutionary party in 1830, with whom he was in sympathy, received the desirable appointment of Chief of the Historical Section of the Archives of France. He was at the same time designated by M. **Guizot** as his substitute at the Sorbonne, and was appointed tutor to the Princess **Clementine**, daughter of the French king.

In 1837 **Michelet** published an abridgment of modern history, and the first volume of his history of France was also issued about this time. The reputation derived from these and other works secured him professorships at the College of France and the Academy of Moral Sciences. In these positions he secured the sympathy of the masses by his vigorous attacks on the Jesuits; but his masterly *exposé* of the secret workings of that order raised him many enemies among the clerical party.

In 1847 appeared the first volume of his *History of the French Revolution*. In the year following the liberal party requested him to become a candidate for the Assembly; but he declined the honor, preferring to devote himself to the completion of his great historical works. He still retained his position in the College of France; but in March, 1851, owing to his strong democratic views, the government closed his lectures. After the events of the 2d of December **Michelet** refused to take the oath to the empire, and in consequence lost his position at the Archives Office.

Michelet was twice married, the second time late in life to a beautiful and accomplished woman much younger than himself. While in retirement he continued his historical pursuits, and also published a series of volumes entitled *L'Oiseau* (1856), *L'Insecte* (1857), *L'Amour* (1858), *La Femme* (1859), *La Mer* (1861), *La Sorcière* (1862), and *La Montagne* (1868). Besides his numerous works, he contributed many papers to the public journals and scientific periodicals. Of late years **Michelet** lived a very retired life, seldom appeared in public, and almost ceased from literary pursuits. He died on the 9th inst.

MOUNT VERNON.

In 1856 the Legislature of Virginia passed an act incorporating the "Ladies' Mount Vernon Association of the Union," with power to raise money with which to purchase and improve two hundred acres of the Mount Vernon estate, to include the mansion and tomb of General **Washington**, the garden, grounds, and the wharf and landing on the Potomac River. This property was to be conveyed to the State of Virginia, to be held in trust for the Association, forever sacred to the memory of **Washington**. This act was amended in 1858, so as to authorize the Association to hold the grounds when purchased in fee-simple, but without power to alienate any part, or to lease them, without the consent of the Legislature of the State.

The Association has faithfully carried out the objects for which it was created. A great deal has been done toward restoring the mansion and grounds from the dilapidated condition into which they had been allowed to fall. But much remains to be done. The revenue of the Association, derived from a daily line of boats running to Mount Vernon, from entrance fees, and from sales on the grounds, is insufficient to meet the expense of prosecuting necessary repairs. It has been suggested by the managers of the Association that each of the original thirteen States take upon itself the work of furnishing one of the rooms of the mansion with furniture of antique style, and, if possible, with relics of **Washington** himself. Some of the States have already acted upon this suggestion.

Our illustration on page 197 gives an accurate bird's-eye view of this historic place. In the centre is the mansion with its surrounding buildings; on the right, in the distance, may be seen the city of Washington; on the left, many places whose names became famous during the recent war. On the bank of the Potomac stands the summer-house; a little back of it is the ice-house, which many visitors mistake for the tomb of **Washington**, which stands further to the left. It is to be hoped that the Association will be so liberally supported that the condition of Mount Vernon may soon cease to be a national reproach.

THE BIRTH-PLACE OF WASHINGTON.

On page 200 we give a picture, engraved from a sketch made in 1857, of the birth-place of **Washington**—a spot which should be of interest to every true American, but the exact locality of which is known to scarcely one in a hundred. It is to be regretted that no effort has been made to fix by some durable structure the place where the "Father of his Country" first drew breath, which would have been quite as appropriate a mark of respect to his memory as the erection of monuments and statues at points far from the scenes of his life. In this connection it may be interesting to read an extract from an account by Mr. **John Farley**, of the United States Coast Survey, of the few remains which he found in 1859–60, as reported by him to the Oldest Inhabitants Association of Washington. We quote from the *National Republican* of the 2d inst.:

> "The proprietor of the plantation (Mr. **Wilson**) was present, and pointed out the localities, as he had been informed by G. W. **Parke Custis**, Esq.
>
> "Mr. **Custis** stated that on the westerly end of the house was a small wing or side building which sometimes served as a bedroom, and that it was in this identical room that **George Washington** first saw the light. Such was his confidence in this fact that he caused to be placed upon the spot a slab of cut sandstone, similar to that of the 'Old Capitol,' and which was then generally used, and had inscribed thereon the following: 'Here, on the 11th of February, 1732, was born **George Washington**.' On his first visit, in 1859, Mr. **Farley** found the slab in its place, although it had been fractured by some rude hand in three pieces. In a subsequent visit he found that some still greater Vandal had removed it altogether. He had taken the precaution, however, in 1859 of tracing the exact size and style of the lettering, with the dimensions of the stone, by placing a large sheet of paper over it, which impression was sent to the Secretary of the Monument Society."

This gentleman could doubtless identify the precise spot which was believed by Mr. **Custis**, not without some show of reason, to be that where **George Washington** entered the world, and it is to be hoped that something may be done to preserve this knowledge, which is evidently in serious danger of being forever lost to us.

Horace Waters & Son have established an agency at 1223 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia, for the sale of their Celebrated Organs and Pianos.—[*Com*]

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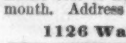

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[*Continued from page 204.*]

being, in winter, to use the air, which is heated by the condensation of the steam, for warming the building, while the cold air in the building is used to supply the draft in the furnace, and in the summer to use the air, which is heated by the condensation of the steam, to supply the draft of the furnace, and to take it out through the smoke-stack without heating the building. The circulation of air through the apparatus will be understood by the following description: In the summer the air passes into the upper entrance in the wall of the building, thence it passes down and up through the vertical flues of the heating apparatus, which, however, when thus employed, is not the heating apparatus, but simply a series of passages for air. Finally, the air reaches the passages over the condensing apparatus, and descends through this series of vertical and horizontal manifolds. Thence it enters the furnace through a damper, which is kept open for the summer, and so shown in the engraving. Thence it enters to the burning fuel, to which it imparts its oxygen, and passes up through the series of steam generating manifolds. Thence it passes horizontally along through the interspaces between the vertical flues of the heating apparatus in the direction of the large arrow, to the smoke-stack.

In winter the upper doors in the outer wall are closed. A sliding damper, shown immediately to the right of the condensing portion of the apparatus, is open, and the exterior air passes into the lower passage. At the same time, the draft being opened in front of the furnace in the building, allows air to reach the fuel directly from the interior of the building. The cold air now rushes into the space underneath the condenser, the damper which formerly admitted air from this space to the furnace being now closed; consequently, the cold air becomes heated by its upward passage over the manifolds of the condenser.

It now also passes upward through the vertical flues of the supplementary heating apparatus, where it obtains a still further accession of heat from the escaping gases of combustion, which are passing through the interspaces between these flues. Thence it issues out of a pipe leading to the apartments of the building to be heated. This pipe is represented in the engraving at the top of the supplementary heating apparatus, it being the largest one shown, and having an elbow and suitable damper, also indicated. The whole forms a very efficient and highly ingenious combination. Its operation needs only to be examined to convince the candid observer that the claims made for its efficiency are well founded. All the essential features of this invention have been patented.

There is an apparatus attached to the boiler by which the whole outside boiler surface can be cleaned in a minute's time.

From the "Chicago Evening Post," Oct. 28, 1872.

THE NEW BOILER.

B. T. Babbitt's Non-Explosive Steam Generator at the Industrial Exposition.

HOW IT UNDERGOES GENERAL PUBLIC EXAMINATION—MACHINISTS PRONOUNCE IT THE MOST SUCCESSFUL INVENTION OF MODERN TIMES—A NEW FORM AND A NEW PRINCIPLE.

Of the many wonders and curiosities of the higher order of practical mechanical invention, and the long and interesting list of great and permanent improvements in machinery, which give distinction and success to the mechanical department of the Exposition, the united judgment of mechanics and machinists, and of the practical element of the community, seems to be in favor of the Babbitt non-explosive boiler as an invention of greatest import and significance, an addition to the universal utility of steam and applicable in a large way to the service and convenience of all the uses and industries of steam power, establishing a new and original and improved method in the production of force, and as being an absolute substitute for all the old and common boiler forms.

The adoption of a boiler of the new form to supply the steam necessary to operate the machinery of the Exposition, enabling the community to become familiar with its construction while in actual service on a large scale, has made it a prominent and conspicuous feature of the great show, investing it with a certain degree of public interest and curiosity, and making it the appropriate subject of detailed notice and description by the press of the country.

FORM AND PRINCIPLE OF THE NEW BOILER.

The new non-explosive boiler or steam generator, invented, patented, owned, and manufactured by Mr. B. T. Babbitt, of New York, is constructed with a bottom manifold or mud drum, lying horizontally underneath the furnace grates, to which are attached (with suitable flanges and bolts) a series of upright manifolds or pipes, each upright pipe having a series of horizontal flues parallel to each other extending from it in either direction. The upright manifolds are made in a zigzag form, with intersecting spaces pursuing a corresponding zigzag line, so as to admit of no waste of furnace flame or heat by escaping perpendicularly upward, but to utilize the whole amount of heat generated by bringing it in contact with all the pipe surface From the top of each upright manifold is a small pipe connecting with the steam drum, which is placed in the top of the arch, all being constructed in such a manner that that the pieces are secured by one end only, and securing a perfect circulation through all parts of the boiler. The water is forced into the bottom manifold, thence through the upright manifold, and supplies the side pipes, which are subjected to the action of the fire where the steam is generated which passes from the top of the upright through the several small pipes into the steam drum, the small pipes having sufficient length to allow the upright manifold to expand or contract without making the least strain on any other part of the boiler, the principal object being safety and perfect independent expansion, this being an advantage no other boiler has.

POINTS OF SUPERIORITY OVER OTHER FORMS OF BOILER.

The characteristic features or points of superiority in the Babbitt boiler are safety, economy, and durability—its absolute immunity, by the terms of its construction, from the accidents and perils of explosion, constituting a powerful recommendation to the approval of the world. The terrible statistics of destruction which measure the cost of this defect in the old and common way of steam-making, and the annual sacrifice of life which is still the penalty for the continued use of the old form, will readily incline the civilized spirit of the great manufacturing industries of the age to accept and utilize an invention which adds to the commercial value of steam by combining upon it the new element of safety. The dimensions and capacity of the Babbitt boiler being of unlimited range, a force of steam equal to the united strength of 10,000 horses, generated and confined in the pipe boiler, is a practical possibility, while the storage of that stupendous power in a relatively diminutive compass would be unaccompanied by any greater danger than that incurred in the use of a tea-kettle.

ECONOMY.

The economy of the boiler is an advantage only second to the first consideration and first principle of safety. The original or manufacturing cost being about equal, according to actual prices, to that of a first-class wrought-iron boiler of the common form and corresponding dimensions, the relation of cost is modified by a large per cent. in favor of the Babbitt boiler, by the longer period of service for which it is qualified by its construction and the principal of its operation. The economy of heat alone, by which the entire production of the furnace is utilized and saved from every portion of the aggregate boiler surface exposed immediately to its action, implying a corresponding economy in the great item of fuel, is a material reduction of the common cost of steam.

DURABILITY.

The third advantage in the construction of the boiler, and apparent to common-sense and to common mechanical judgment, is the increased durability implied in two points or principles, and first in the perfect circulation over the entire extent of boiler pipe, rendering the deposition of mud, and layers, and crusts of sediment in any section, excepting in the mud-drum beneath, an impossibility, thus affording an absolute remedy for incrustation—a universal defect and an active principle of destruction in all other boiler forms. The mud-drum being below the fire, and forming the basement or cellar of the boiler, in a direct line with the blow-off-cock, allows the sediment to be removed at pleasure.

The second feature of the great invention, guaranteeing increased endurance and comparative indestructibility in service, is that the entire extent of pipe surface exposed to heat corresponds to the line of water circulation, so that fire is every where opposed to water, and the boiler metal placed under fire-proof conditions. The value of this splendid improvement as a principle of economy applicable to the universal uses and functions of steam, and as a direct addition to the mechanical and industrial resources of the world, is too large for present computation or conception.

ANOTHER SPLENDID FEATURE.

An entirely original feature, and one that adds materially to the value of the improvement, is that principle in the construction which admits of accommodation in form and dimensions adapting the boiler to indefinite enlargement of capacity at the pleasure or necessity of the owner, by the addition of new uprights, with their corresponding series of horizontal pipe, complete connection being effected by screw attachments and the area of water circulation proportionably extended. Thus, the proprietor of a hundred horse-power boiler finding himself in need of double that amount of power, orders new uprights and cross pipe, removes one side of the inclosing wall or frame, and enlarges the dimensions of his boiler without the expensive assistance of boiler-makers. In every case where new uprights and cross-pipes for enlarging capacity is required, a new mud-drum is essentially necessary. This splendid feature of the new boiler, accommodating the measure and cost of power to conditions and requirements of necessity, has already met a general and honest recognition by the mechanics and machinists of the world as a high and successful effort of mechanical invention, and significant of great and universal results.

THE PATENT AND ITS MANUFACTURE.

The first patent of the new boiler was obtained in the United States by Mr. Babbitt, Jan. 29, 1869; in France, May 14, 1869; in Belgium, May 20, 1869; in England, April 26, 1869; in Russia, Nov. 26, 1870; in Holland, June 22, 1869. The extraordinary commercial value of the invention has been recognized in every country where commerce is a feature of human life, and its adoption in steam service in all sections of the world being beyond a question, the proprietor has very properly taken wide measures to secure its protection in all countries. The manufactory, located at Whitesboro, N. Y., is of a capacity sufficient to turn out the boiler fast enough to meet the demand from every section of the United States.

IN CONCLUSION.

It is a significant fact that insurance is accepted by all prominent companies at a reduced percentage upon all property and manufactories where the non-explosive boiler is in service, and it is unquestionably the policy and the duty of government and of local authorities, as well as of the firms and corporations manipulating steam power, in the varied industries of commerce, to unite in an honest and thorough examination and trial of an invention, that takes from steam the bad element of danger to human life. It is the opinion of Superintendent Scoville, of this city, who is thoroughly acquainted with the use of steam on Western rivers, that its universal adoption in all marine service, both of the government and private owners, would not only be true economy in the commercial sense, but a general movement in the interests of humanity and civilization.

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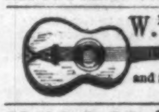

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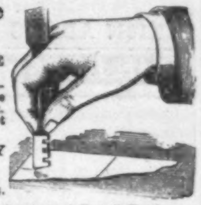

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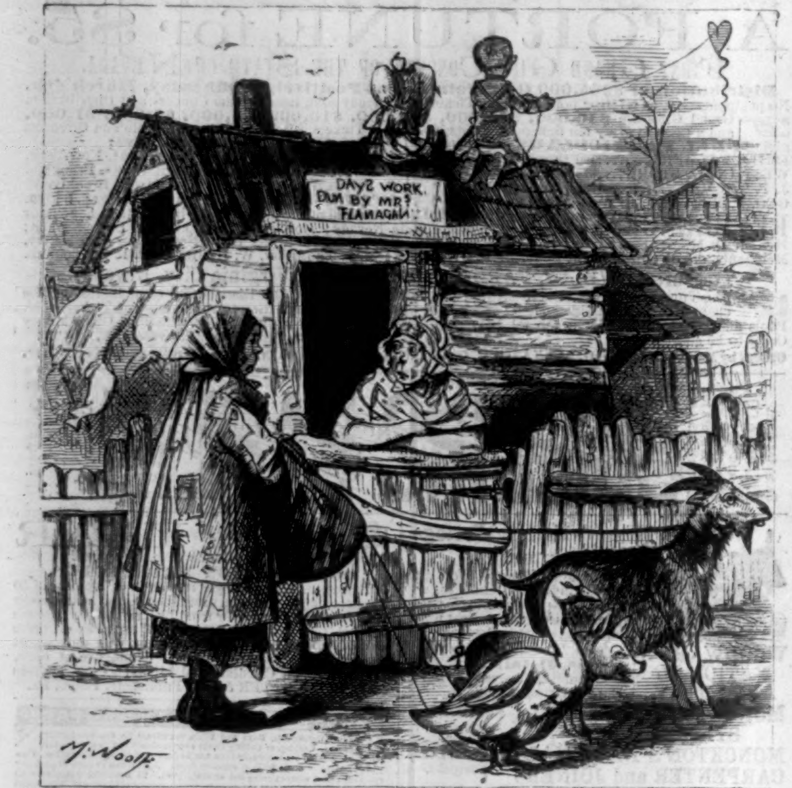

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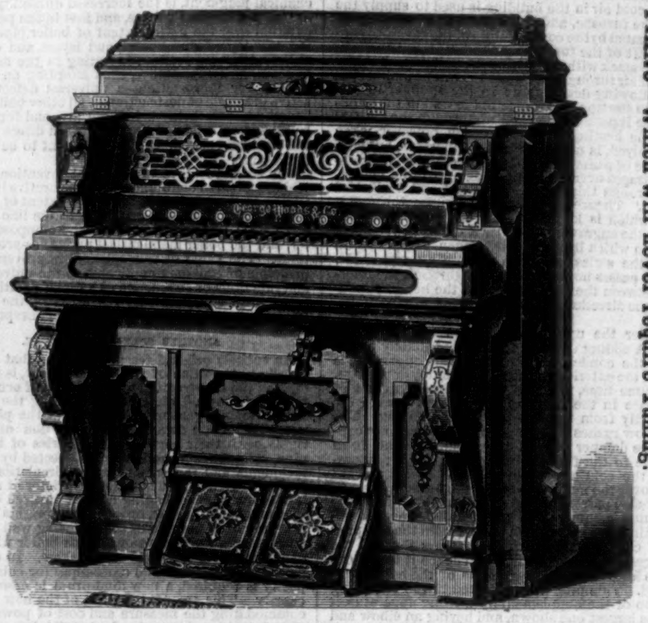

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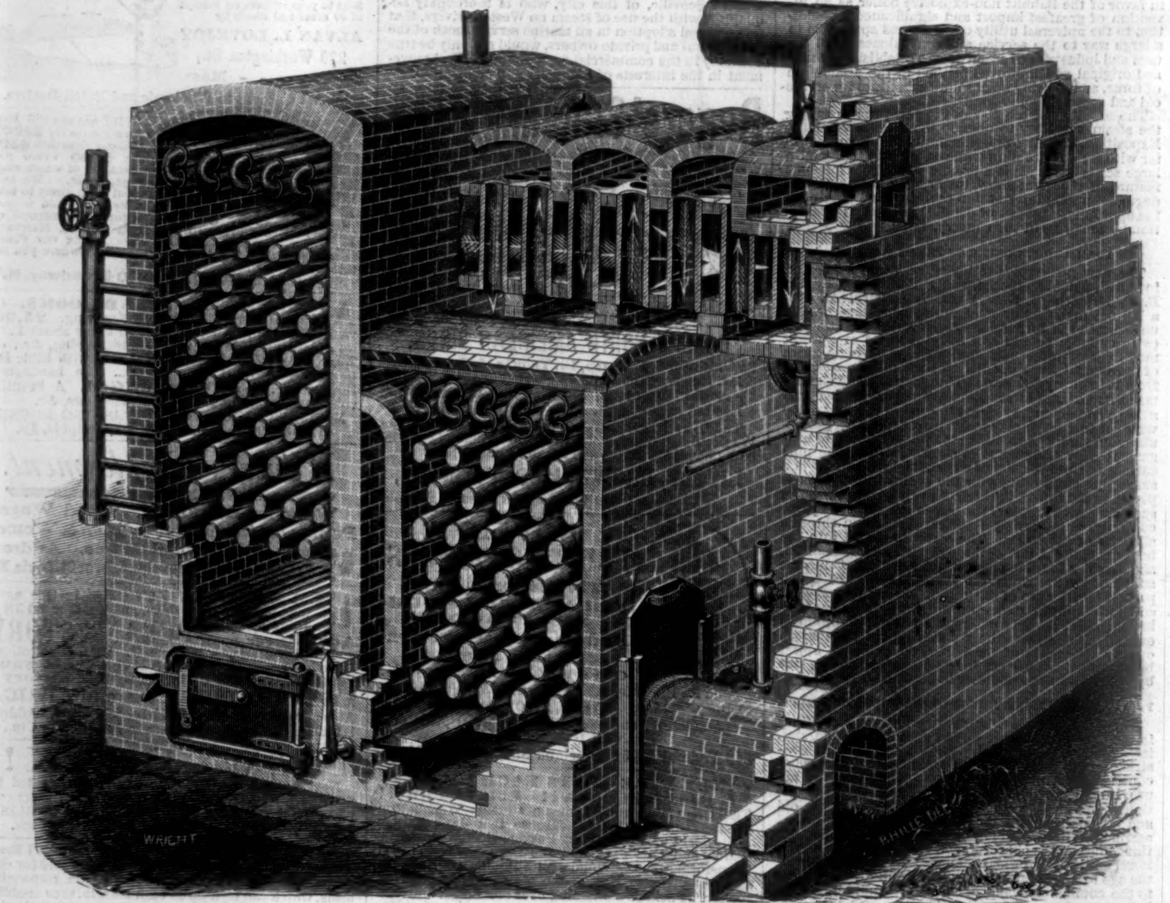

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COMBINED Steam GENERATOR,
CONDENSER,
AND
STEAM HEATER for BUILDINGS.

AFTER many years of experience as a practical engineer, and a thorough study and comprehension of the scientific principles which govern the circulation of heated air through flues and passages, it has been rendered possible to invent the steam generating, condensing, and heating apparatus, illustrated in the fine engraving published this week on page 204. It is, in itself, a study which will be found most profitable for all who are endeavoring to gain correct ideas upon the subjects of heating and ventilation.

Whatever opinion may be held in regard to the merits of the steam generator, herein illustrated, we think there can be no doubt whatever as to the value of the same construction when used as a surface condenser—cold air being the condensing agent.

We think it would be difficult to conceive of any way in which a greater amount of cooling surface, in proportion to the weight of metal used could be obtained. We hope to be able to explain the action of this apparatus without letters of reference, so that all may comprehend its principles.

To the extreme left of the engraving is situated the steam boiler and furnace, which was illustrated and described on pages 40 and 145 of the AMERICAN ARTISAN for 1873. To these descriptions we refer the reader for the minute particulars of the construction of the boiler proper. Next in order, to the right, but separated from the boiler by a brick partition, is the surface condenser, back to which and through which the exhaust steam is led on its way to the boiler. Directly above the condenser, and separated from it by a brick arch, is the heating apparatus, which consists of a number of vertical flues, the purpose of which will be hereafter described. These vertical flues are surrounded by brick arches, leaving considerable space over the upper mouths of the flues. To the right of the surface condenser, and underneath the extreme portion of the heating apparatus, is the outer wall of the building. It will, of course, be understood that the relations of position occupied by these parts are not essential to the working of the apparatus. The sketch of the apparatus was taken from one erected in our soap factory, Washington Street, New York—there being three of them in the building—each of which saves not less than ten dollars per day, averaging the year through. When this saving is compared with the interest upon the cost of the apparatus and its depreciation in use, it is seen that, for the purposes desired, it is a most economical arrangement. In the outer wall of the building, which is shown in our engraving at the right, there are two upper entrances for air, and one large one at the bottom of the building. The apparatus is shown arranged for summer use, when it is not desired to heat the building, but only to condense the steam, the object of the whole

[*Continued on page 208.*]

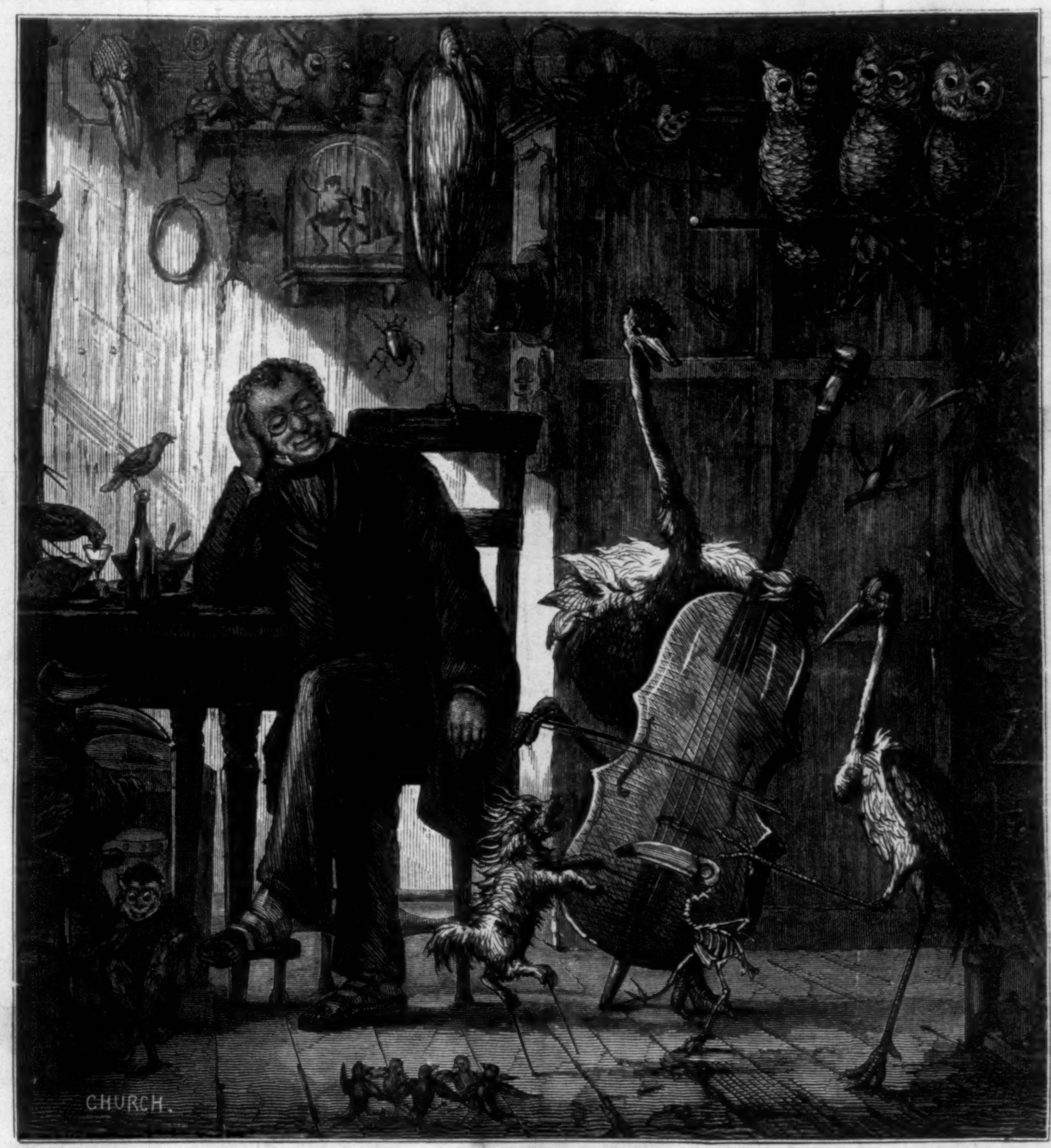
A DEER DRIVE.

THE great belt of forest, bordered on each side by prairie lands, which extends through Texas from San Antonio up to the Indian Territory is called the "Cross Timber." It ranges from twelve to forty miles in width, and is intersected by numerous creeks and streams. A rich and luxuriant vegetation and abundance of game make this immense forest attractive to sportsmen. In the Cross Timber itself there are but few settlements, but the bordering lands, especially on the eastern side, are well settled, and flourishing crops of cotton, tobacco, corn, etc., are obtained from the rich soil. Large herds of Texas cattle range through it, and immense droves of hogs fatten in its recesses.

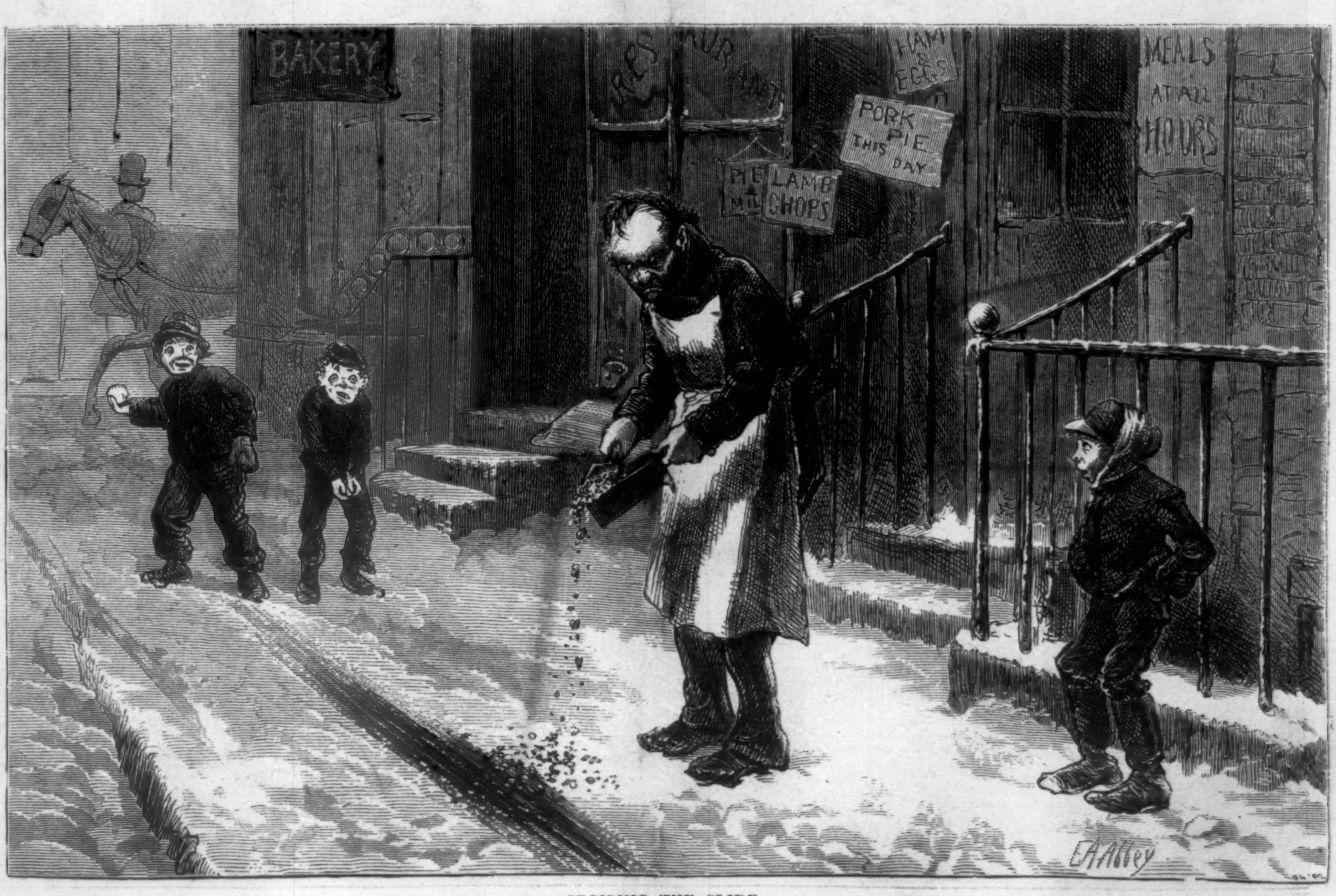
The favorite sport of the farmers and stock-raisers who live in the neighborhood of the Cross Timber is an old-fashioned deer drive, of which we give an illustration in the present Supplement. Every Texan is a first-rate horseman, and thorough-bred stag-hounds are owned by most of the residents. On a certain day, generally just after a slight fall of rain, the word is given, and preparations are made for a "big drive." Long before the break of day two or three neighbors start out to sound the "morning call;" the notes of the horn are answered on every side by the deep baying of the awakened hounds, and soon, by the dim morning light, the hunters may be seen riding over the prairie lands toward the appointed rendezvous, each attended by a brace of hounds, and responding to the call with "hark and whoop and wild halloo." In a short time a party of twenty-five or thirty men has assembled, and the whole troop sets out for the Cross Timber.

The hunters, well acquainted with the runs of the game, and all the ins and outs of the forest, plunge at once into its recesses. Soon a short, sharp bark, followed by a prolonged howl from the whole pack, warns them that a trail has been struck, and with loud shouts and the shrill sounding of horns, they spur their horses on. It is a wild ride, now through dense thickets, now through beautiful green openings, where the deer find pasturage, now down the dry bed of a stream, and now up the side of a steep ravine. At last they come in sight of the hunted stag, striving, on "the dead jump," to escape his merciless pursuers. The chase lasts sometimes for eight or ten miles, when the crack of the unerring rifle speaks the victim's doom.

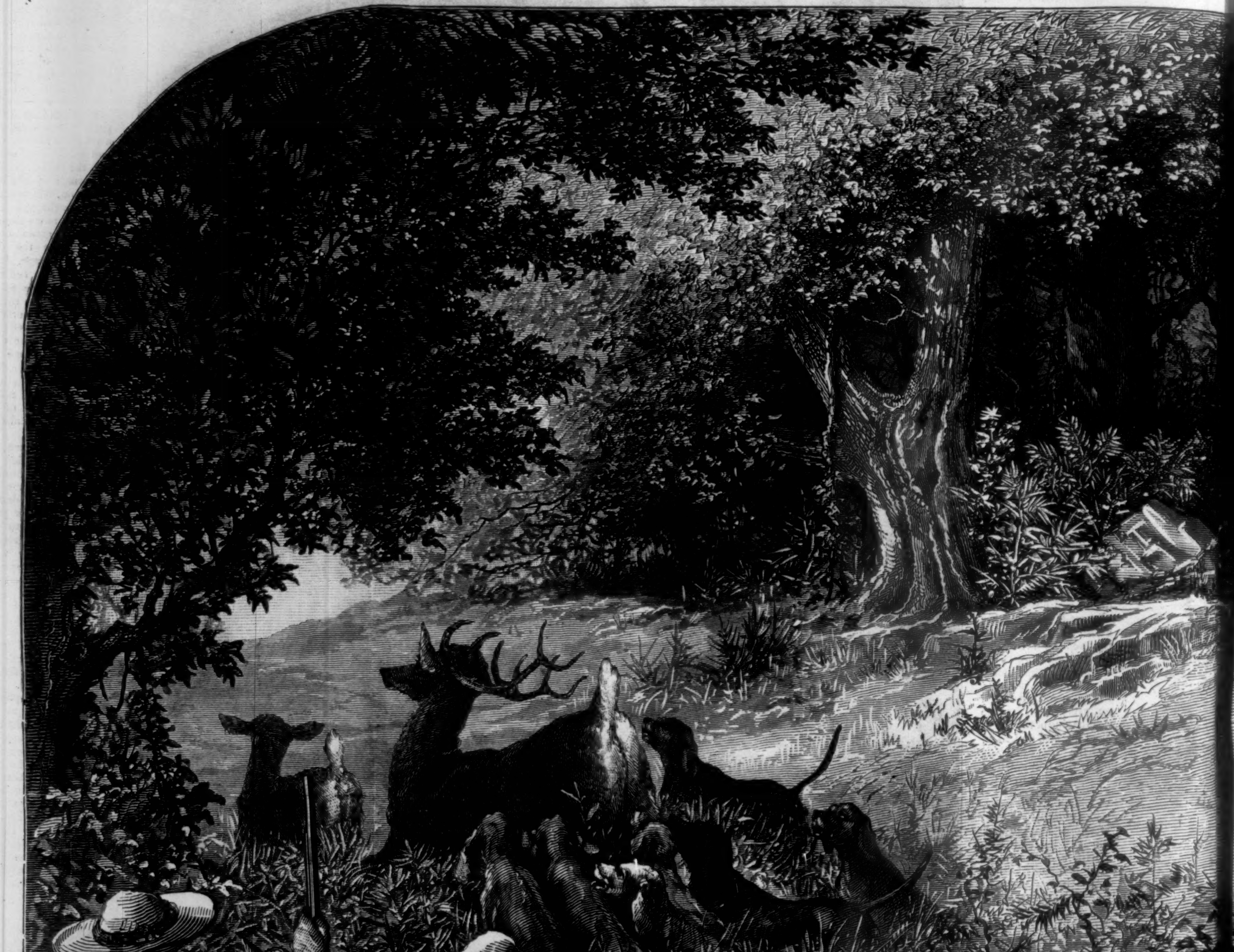
The game down, the horns are sounded for the recall, the hunters and hounds come together, and the deer is cut up, the refuse parts being thrown to the dogs. After an interval of rest, another drive begins, and the sport is kept up until darkness puts an end to it. Sometimes camps are formed in the forest, and the hunters remain out several days, until men, horses, and hounds are worn out with fatigue and excitement. The camps at night present a very picturesque appearance. Bright fires illuminate the scene, the horses are picketed in the rich grass, hunters and hounds gather in groups about the fires, and songs and stories and feasting are kept up till late in the night. Then, rolled in blankets, the men lie down to sleep, and silence reigns in the great forest.



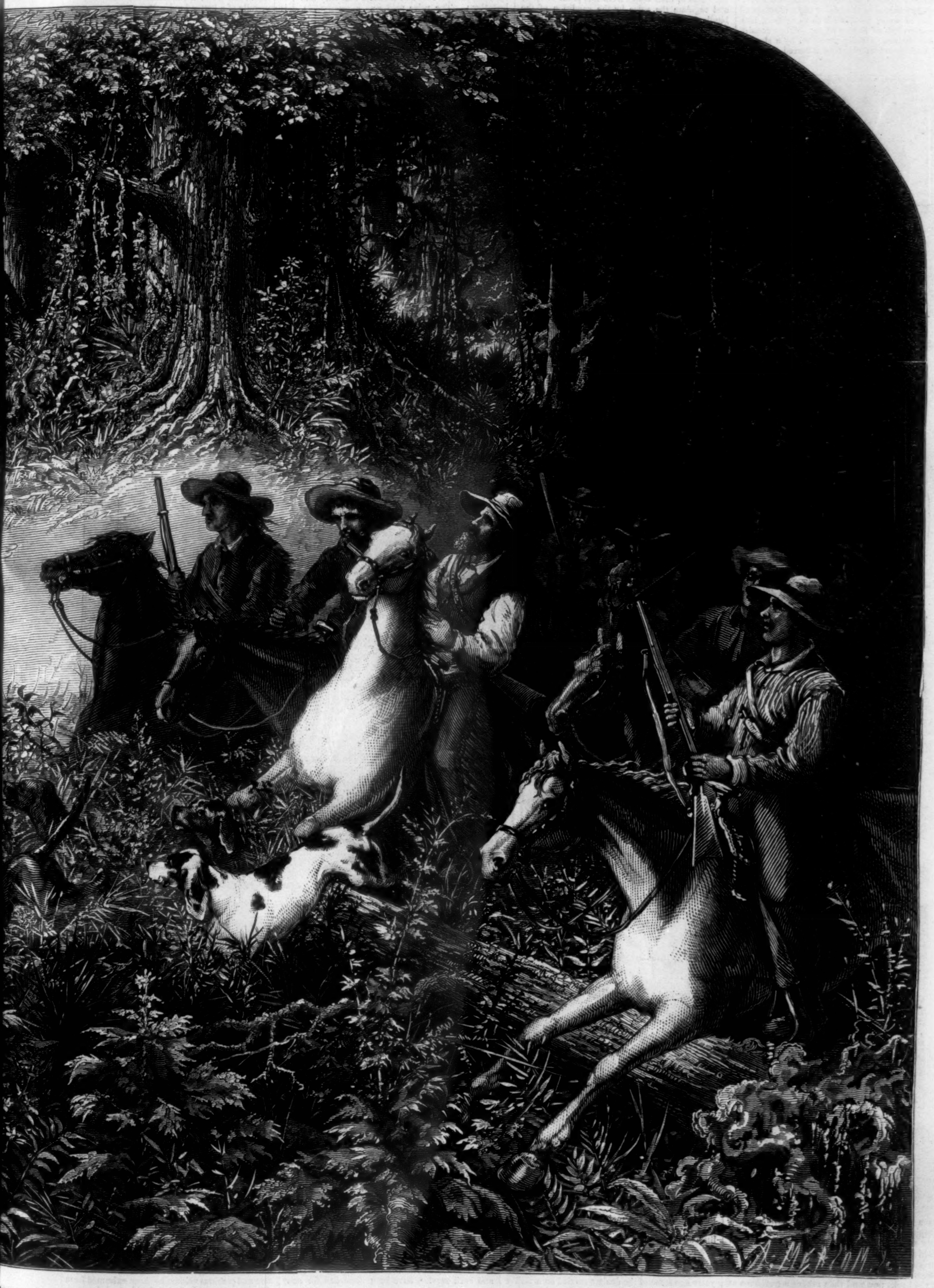
THE TAXIDERMIST'S AFTER-DINNER DREAM.



SPOILING THE SLIDE.


P. FRENZENY & TAVERNIER

A DEER DRIVE IN THE TEXAS "CROSS-TIMBER



BER DRAWN BY FRENZENY AND TAVERNIER.—[SEE PAGE 205.]